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THE FAIR TYROLESE.

THE

TYROLESE MINSTRELS,

OR THE

ROMANCE OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

BY A LADY.

"I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related."

BOSTON:
GEORGE W. LIGHT, 1 CORNHILL.
1841.

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PREFACE.

Exactly how much fact and fiction have been blended in the following pages, the writer cannot tell you, kind reader, without writing another volume, to point out the precise lines of demarcation between the domains of fancy and of truth. I am not given to dreaming of sober realities, as though they were idle fantasies, nor prone to mistake the day dreams of an easy chair, after dinner, for events occurring under my own eyes. And if any observer of passing events chooses to trace

out curious coincidences between my tale and any thing he has heard or known, in our goodly city, or elsewhere, such an employment of his time and intellect will be quite as harmless as the methods in which many others employ them.

Or if any one thinks proper to assume that persons now living, and moving about the surface of life's busy ocean, are to be identified with the facts of the panoramic life I present him in these pages, he may felicitate himself on his superior discernment, in tracing out the lineaments of countenance or character, and flatter or mortify his friends, by saying, "This means you."

The few references to public events, in the newspaper history of public persons, will be recognized by those who have memories for those trifles which amuse

the public, for their brief hour, and are then forgotten. Under this head may be classed the gem from the pen of a gifted woman, taken from the Transcript, for the use of which, by way of ornament, though it be public property, the writer is happy to express her debt of gratitude.

Romance? Is it all departed? All buried in the sepulchres of the knightly dead? All passed away with the shouts of war and battle? All banished by the peaceful reign of commerce and the arts?

No, kind reader, believe it not. All the charm and truth of romance lives, and will live, while the affections and passions of the soul endure, and sway the conduct of men. And all around us, in the walks of every day life, the enlightened eye sees the ever living fountains of all the poet *and romancer* ever painted. And the

imagination may be cultivated, and the affections of the youthful heart "enlarged," quite as well, ay, better, a thousand fold, by leading the ardent spirit to the common sources of the romantic, in the daily walks of life, than by wasting years in travelling over the dusty road of its written records.

It was not, perhaps, altogether without such a reference, that I have asked you, kind reader, to spend an idle hour in the perusal of these pages.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1841.

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THE

TYROLESE MINSTRELS.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN BOSTON.

> The stranger's harp discourseth
> Wild melody and sweet;
> I love its notes of HOME-like cheer—
> And his approach will greet.
>
> MS. POEM.

IT was the tenth of September, that day long to be remembered in the annals of our political history, when our metropolis was crowded almost to suffocation, by the many, many thousands, whom devotion to the shrine of their country's real or supposed welfare had drawn to the monument of our nation's glory, that was also the commencement of a less important era.

The procession had been formed, the skies resounded with the merry cheering,

and even, by a plentiful shower, cooled the superfluous ardor of many a zealous politician. And the ladies, too, had commenced their exquisite scheme for lightening the heavy pockets of those who, undoubtedly, were pleased at being robbed so adroitly, when Mr. Fulton returned from the splendid scenes, and joined the merry group in his own parlor.

"I am heartily tired of politics," said Mrs. Fulton, as her husband entered the room; "I have heard nothing, the live-long day, but 'hurra for Tippecanoe and Tyler too'—and I should like to have a new subject introduced."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. Fulton, sitting down by her side, "for I have something to tell you. A young gentleman by the name of Monroe, called to-day, to engage board for himself and a family of foreigners. This family are public singers, who intend to give concerts, in their national costume, this fall and winter, in Boston and vicinity."

"I hope you are not going to disgrace your house with public singers," said

Juliana Roubigne, her dark eye flashing scornfully—"unless," she added in a more subdued tone, "they are *very respectable.* What sort of looking man was he, that engaged their board?"

"Quite too short for you," said Mr. Fulton, with a sarcastic smile.

"That's right," said Mrs. Fulton; "Juliana shall never have my consent to bow her stately figure to one below her."

"I think you and uncle are rather too hard upon Juliana," said Ellen Fulton.

"Oh, well," replied her uncle, without waiting for her to finish her sentence, "I'll see if I can't do better. I have no objection to *your* monopolizing him, if you can, as his height more nearly corresponds with your own; and he certainly is a gentleman, in appearance, let the character of those he brings with him be what it may."

"I don't see as you have bettered it any, uncle," said Ellen. "It is no great compliment either to Juliana or myself, to insinuate that we are so destitute of admirers, that we should be glad to take up with the first one who comes!"

"It would have been much more in point, to have represented the gentlemen as waiting for them," said Mr. Bancroft, who sat upon the sofa, twirling his cane between his fingers, and now and then glancing with admiration at the alabaster complexion of the fair Ellen.

A servant now announced that the strangers had arrived, and Mr. Fulton left the room, to see that every thing was arranged to their satisfaction.

"Sha'n't we have supper pretty soon, grandmother?" said Bancroft; "I am impatient to see the new comers."

"Have you not seen enough to-day?" replied the old lady, who did not seem to understand why youth could not attain the sober temperament and rational wishes of those of maturer years. "Well, Solomon was right, when he said 'the eye was never satisfied with seeing.'"

"I agree with uncle," said Ellen, as she returned from the tea-table, and sat down by the window, to obtain the first refreshing breeze, "that Monroe certainly is a gentleman."

"And I am no less pleased with the little foreign beauty: how young and artless! I'll speak for her, in due season"—said Bancroft, looking towards Ellen to see if he could discern any appearance of jealousy, as he spoke of giving his affections to another. But "she certainly is beautiful, and I admire your choice," was uttered so heartily in reply, that he almost bit his lips with vexation.

"Juliana," said Ellen, "how do you like the foreign gentlemen?"

"Oh, they look as though they were fresh from the mountains."

"I should judge from the length of Solon's understanding, that he must have been an excellent person for scaling the Alps: at any rate, he is very handsome"—said Bancroft, ironically.

"I don't think the other brother is very barbarous, though he does wear a shaggy coat," said Juliana; "but there is one thing I must say respecting them both—that if they are good vocalists, nature has not done up her harmony in as handsome packages as she might."

"But we have quite neglected the elder sister; what do you think of her?"

"Oh, she can smile very prettily," said Ellen.

"Mark my words," said Truesdell, a crusty old bachelor, "that smile which she wears is always accompanied with deceit."

"Hush," said Juliana; "what do you know about the ladies?"

"I know that some of them are very handsome, and can win the heart of any gentleman," said Truesdell, with a significant nod.

"Bravo!" said Bancroft, "for one of your years. 'Yours forever,' why don't you say, Juliana?"

"I did not like to, before you all," replied the satirical beauty.

"How soon are the Ghennefaver family going to exhibit their vocal powers?" said Truesdell.

"I don't know," said Juliana; "I am as impatient to hear them as you—but I have more curiosity to learn what connection Monroe has with them. They seem to look upon him as a sort of presiding genius; but I don't understand it."

"That is very easily explained," said Ellen: "this family are not singing on their own account, but receive a certain salary from Montagno, a merchant in New York, with whom Monroe is clerk; and Montagno persuaded Monroe to travel with them and make the necessary arrangements for their concerts, as they, on account of their imperfect knowledge of the language, and other obvious reasons, were incompetent to conduct this business with profit to Montagno."

The first appearance of the Ghennefavers in public, was not as successful as they had hoped. They were unknown, and the few who assembled showed how necessary, in a community like this, was an introduction to the fastidious public, from some competent judges, in whom they placed confidence. Their audience, though small, were highly compensated for their trouble; and their curiosity was gratified in no small degree, as the foreign family made their appearance upon the stage, in their national costume.

"The sisters look charmingly to-night,"

whispered Juliana to Ellen: "Miriam holds her guitar very gracefully, and Magdellena looks as lovely without one, in her tall-crowned, green hat, and silver laced waist; and her white sleeves are quite a relief to the richness of the rest of her dress."

"Well, Miriam looks almost as well in the same costume," said Ellen. "She never looked as pleasing as to-night. But the brothers' dress is rather too fantastic, for my taste, unless I can imagine they are shepherds, upon the mountains of Tyrol, who have beguiled the tedious hours, by placing those flowers in their hats."

They now commenced their songs; and every eye was fixed, and every ear attentive, as they warbled forth their wild notes.

"What are you crying for, Juliana?" whispered Mrs. Fulton.

"Who can help it?" said Juliana.

"'Music,' I'll acknowledge, 'has charms to soothe the savage breast,'" replied Mrs. Fulton, as she looked and saw Truesdell in tears. But though the audience were so much delighted, the musical family were almost discouraged. It seemed in vain for

them to attempt to do any thing, in this vicinity.

"I am delighted with their performance," said Mr. Fulton to his wife, as they returned; "such vocalists should be encouraged."

"But what can be done? It is impossible for any one to be noticed, at this time of political excitement," said Mrs. Fulton, "unless they sing Harrison melodies."

"I fear that it is too true," said her husband; "but I'll try and see what can be done for them."

Mr. Fulton was as good as his word. The next morning letters were despatched to the principal music professors in the city, and speedily a private concert was held, at which these excellent judges were present, and shortly after the following correspondence appeared in the public papers.

"To Messrs. ***, ***, ***, ***.

"GENTLEMEN:—In common with others, I have listened with great pleasure to the musical performances of the Ghennefaver Family. From my personal acquaintance with them, as well

as the high and uniform commendation of their performances, from all who have heard them, I am satisfied that they deserve a more generous patronage than they have yet received. They come here under very unfavorable circumstances. They are strangers—with none to make interest for them, in the various circles of society. They are here at a time when the public mind is on tiptoe with political excitement, on the one hand, and enthusiasm for the 'divine Fanny,' as her admirers phrase it, on the other. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that they do not, with their unassuming pretensions, more generally attract the public ear. True, their concerts have been very respectably attended, and to the great delight and universal satisfaction, I believe, of all. At the same time, they have not been so fully attended, as seems to me due to their skill, on the one hand, and the musical taste of the city, on the other. In these circumstances, as a favor to the public, as well as to them, may I not solicit, gentlemen, an expression, for the public, of your opinion of the merits of the Tyrolese Singers.

S. M. FULTON.

Boston, Sept. 30, 1840."

"SIR :—Having listened to the performances of the Ghennefaver Family, we can truly say, that we regard their singing as well worthy the attention of the lovers of vocal music. They have naturally good voices, and have sung so much together, that they have attained great perfection in their four voiced songs.

The excellence of their performance, the peculiarity of their national music, and their own personal excellence and amiability, seem alike to entitle them to the confidence and patronage of the public.

*** ***
*** ***
*** ***
Sept. 30, 1840." *** ***

Such encomiums, from such sources, could not fail to secure them patronage, and crowded houses were the result.

CHAPTER II.

CROSS PURPOSES.

The archer Dan Cupid
Forever is lurking,
Where youth, grace and beauty,
And warm hearts have met.

OLD SONG.

"I SAW a splendid young lady at the Ghennefavers' private concert," said Murdock, a singer of no common note, to a friend, as he was walking up Washington street, a few days after. "She was in company with a fine looking middle aged gentleman, who, I think, must have been her father. If I could only find out the gentleman's name and residence, I should know where to go to find her."

"I don't know, indeed," replied his friend, "to whom you refer; if I did, I would introduce you with pleasure."

About a week from this time, Murdock

called at Mr. Fulton's, to see Solon and Levi Ghennefaver, in relation to some music. He had no sooner entered, than he was confident that Mr. Fulton was the gentleman he had been so anxious to find, and determined, by some manœuvre, to see the fair creature who had so interested him. He accordingly proposed to them to sing some pieces, which he named.

"That sounds finely," said he; "but it would sound much better if we had some female voices to assist us. Have you no one here who can take a part?" addressing Mrs. Fulton.

"I don't know," she replied, hesitatingly. "Miriam and Magdellena Ghennefaver are out, and so is Juliana Roubigne. There is no one at home but my niece, who is rather a pretty singer. I'll call *her*, if that will answer."

"Thank you," said Murdock, who doubted not that his plan had succeeded. It was even so; and as Ellen Fulton entered, he beheld the same face which had so deeply fascinated him, some time before. He had now gained an

introduction, and after singing some time, left, resolving that he would make it convenient to call often.

"I am glad to see you, Juliana," said Ellen, as her friend returned a few days after, from a visit to the country. "We have had very agreeable times since you have been gone. Do you know Murdock, the excellent singer?"

"I imagine I do," she replied.

"Well, he has been here many times, and sung. If we had only had your voice to join us, we should have had fine private concerts."

"I imagine he must have been smitten with some one here," said Juliana; "he was not wont to come so often."

While they were speaking, Murdock was ushered in, to the no small confusion of the young ladies. They however comforted themselves with the thought, that he could not have heard what they said. The object of his call seemed to be, to invite Ellen to a concert, which was to be given in honor of Mr. I——, a distinguished performer, who was poor and ill.

Magdellena Ghennefaver's voice was by far sweeter than her sister's; and her amiable disposition, and her uncommon shrewdness, rendered her quite a favorite, not only in the family where she boarded, but also with the public. "She warbles like a nightingale," was frequently said of her; and it was not oftener said than it was true.

"It is of no use," said a friend to Murdock, who noticed his growing passion for Ellen Fulton. "You might as well blow your brains out, and die a romantic death at once, as attempt to win her affections, while Bancroft, who lives in the family with her, and has so much better chance, is following you round with such jealous eyes. For my part, I believe she goes with you only to bring Bancroft to a confession, or punish him for some of his misconduct."

"I have been afraid that it was so," said Murdock, "and consequently I have kept my affection under control, in case it should prove so; but I have one advantage in case of defeat. While I have been in

company with Ellen, I have also had an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with the pretty Magdellena; and if there is no hope of obtaining Ellen, I'll have her, as sure as my name is Murdock."

"Perhaps you will succeed better there; but if I had had as good an opportunity as Monroe has had, I would have made sure of her before now."

"Do you think he has?" said Murdock, beginning to fear that he should lose both of them.

"Oh, don't look so frightened," replied his friend. "I have not seen any unequivocal symptoms of it; so cheer up, and you may yet succeed."

While matters assumed this peaceable exterior, a far different scene was acted 'behind the curtain,' among the Ghennefaver family. They looked with jealous eyes upon Monroe, and predicted among themselves, that unless some special means were taken, Monroe would obtain Magdellena, and their craft be endangered. They well knew that hers was the crowning excellence of their performances; and they could

succeed but poorly without her. It was, accordingly, for their interest to prevent it, if possible. Monroe, however, was an equal match for them, and learned, in his attentions, to elude their vigilance, in a great measure. But there were times when their jealousy overflowed all bounds, and they showed Monroe, by their conduct, that his company was not agreeable. He managed so adroitly, however, that no one of the family knew that there was any thing serious in his attentions.

"There is one thing, aunt, that I do n't understand," said Ellen.

"What is it," said Mrs. Fulton.

"I frequently find Magdellena weeping. I hope nothing has happened to trouble her," said Ellen.

"The next time you see her so distressed, you had better attempt to get her to make you her confident."

Monroe left, the next day, for New York, another person being soon to take his place, to the great joy of the Ghennefavers. And as they saw the tears which involuntarily coursed down Magdellena's

cheeks, after his departure, they congratulated themselves, in no small degree, upon their good fortune, in being freed from him, when it was becoming so dangerous to have him remain any longer.

"I am inclined to think, aunt," said Ellen a few days after, "that Magdellena is seriously attached to Monroe."

"I have not seen any thing of the kind," said Mrs. Fulton, "but it would not be very unlikely; he has been so kind to her, and in fact taught her so much of the English language, that I should think she would miss him very much, at least."

The next day, as Bancroft met a mutual friend, he was informed by him that Monroe was married—a report which, though he did not believe, he communicated to Solon, on his return to Mr. Fulton's.

"Are you sure?" said Solon, his eye brightening at the good news. "Well, Monroe is a fine fellow, and I am glad to hear he is well married."

"A friend of mine said he saw it in the papers," said Bancroft.

"Oh, then it is true, of course," said So-

lon, hastening to communicate the intelligence to his brother and sisters.

It was received with equal joy, by the remaining members of the family, save Magdellena, who, though she could hardly believe it, was very much saddened by the reflection that it might be possible.

"Monroe was a curious fellow, to keep so still about it," said Juliana.

"If ever I see him again," said Ellen, "I'll pay him for it."

But no one received the intelligence with more unfeigned joy, than Murdock, who was really very much pleased with the young songstress; and he determined to lose no time in securing her for his own, provided he could not obtain Ellen.

Magdellena was not long left to mourn. The next day she received a letter from Monroe, by the hand of Bancroft, to whose care it had been directed, he well knowing it would not be wise to send one in the usual way.

"How does he like his new wife?" said Bancroft, after she had opened it.

"Oh, he don't say," said she with a smile.

"Can I rely upon you, that you will not communicate the fact, that I have received this letter, to my brothers, nor any one, so that they shall know it?" said Magdellana, almost imploringly.

"I will never mention it, depend upon it," he replied; and Magdellena thanking him, with tears in her eyes, hastened to peruse the precious epistle, over and over again.

Of its contents, we leave our readers to their own imaginations. It was doubtless like a thousand others of the same nature. He mentioned his sister's wedding, and from this foundation Magdellena rightly conjectured the report arose respecting his marriage. This circumstance she communicated to Bancroft, the next opportunity; and not suspecting the cause, her brothers and sister were not displeased at her apparent intimacy with him, whose affections they knew were bound up in the beautiful Ellen.

Murdock, meanwhile, keeping his eyes steadily upon his chances, as a merchant would watch the price current, contrived

to be of great use to the Ghennefavers in relation to their music, in which he was no unskilful performer.

"What news from home?" said Mr. Fulton, after waiting for Ellen to peruse a letter, which he had a few moments before handed her.

"I must leave you next week," said Ellen, with a sigh. For though she loved home passionately, yet she could not leave the place where she had spent so many happy hours, without regret.

"I am almost inclined to rebel," said Mrs. Fulton.

"We will get up a petition to have you remain," said Bancroft, who, of course, was to be found wherever Ellen was.

"Will you sign it, Juliana?" said he.

"With all my heart; and present it too, if it will do any good."

"I thank you all," replied Ellen, "for your kindness, in wishing me to remain; but I see good reason why my parents should wish me to return, and I wish to go."

"Ellen is going to leave us to-morrow,"

said Juliana to Murdock, as she met him in the street, several days after the reception of the summons to return.

"Can it be possible?" said he. "Well, then, I shall see her before she leaves."

The day before Ellen's departure was acknowledged, by all her friends, to be much shorter than any of the previous days she had spent in her uncle's happy circle.

CHAPTER III.

THE SERENADE.

"And how speeds the wooing?"
"Oh, ill, but ill, my lord;
She will be won by none of all her lovers."

OLD PLAY.

Oh, Ellen, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour:
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blythely would I byde the stoure,
A weary slave, frae morn till e'en,
Could I the rich reward secure,
And call the lovely Ellen mine.

BURNS, *slightly altered.*

"Is that you?" said Murdock, as Bancroft touched his hat to his would be rival, the same evening. He was in haste, and did not welcome the interruption of his walk.

"Stop," persisted Murdock; "I have made arrangements to have a splendid serenade to-night, under Ellen's window;

and if she does not wake, be sure to call her."

Bancroft readily promised to do so, for it occurred to him that it would be a fine opportunity to see her alone, if he called her before he did the rest of the family. Full of his scheme, he chose not to retire to his bed. And as the household, one after another, separated for the night, he placed himself in an easy chair, and waited patiently the slow arrival of two o'clock, when the promised music was to commence. The faint glimmering of a lamp from Ellen's window showed, that for some reason, she had not yet sought her couch; and its ray served to guide the nocturnal minstrels to the place of their destination. Ellen was entirely ignorant of the preparation that had been making, to render her last night agreeable, as well as of the lateness of the hour. She had been busy in getting ready for her departure, the next day; and, meditating upon the various scenes which had transpired, was leaning her head on her hand, when the serenade commenced. El-

len was passionately fond of music; and after waiting a moment, to be certain of its cause, she started to awaken her friends. At this moment, to her great confusion, she encountered Bancroft, who, she supposed, was sleeping quietly, like the rest of the family. As one delightful strain after another arose, in the stillness of midnight, the slumbers of the household were broken; and soon the parlor presented as animated a scene, as it had been wont to do, at midday.

"I think these sweet sounds must be the effusions of some sweetheart," said Magdellena, with a significant look at Ellen.

"Where is Juliana?" said Mrs. Fulton. "Is it possible that she, whose life and soul are bound up in music, can sleep during these enchanting strains?"

"I 'll call her," said a well known voice.

"Juliana is so fond of music," said Bancroft, "I should not wonder if she should mistake herself for a music book, in one of her ecstatic moods."

Juliana now made her appearance. She had been so overcome by fatigue and

indisposition, that though the melodious strain mingled with her dreams, she had not had energy enough to arise, till after repeated knocks at her door dispelled the charms her vision had created.

The sweet harmonies at length ceased, and the happy group, one by one, returned to their couches. Ellen's faint blush, as she bade them 'good morning,' and Bancroft's look of disappointment, lead some of the group to suppose that other thoughts than those of the music had occupied her, as she and Bancroft stood conversing apart, in the recessed window of the parlor.

Quite early the next morning, Murdock called to take leave of Ellen, when he found Bancroft, Juliana, the Ghennefavers, and other members of the family, assembled in the parlor, who seemed to be determined to improve the hours which Ellen spent with them, to the best advantage.

"How pleasures brighten as they take their flight," said Murdock, as he entered and noticed their looks of happiness.

They united in singing their favorite songs; and could a stranger at this time

have looked in upon them, he would have supposed them celebrating the arrival of some choice friend, rather than preparing to bid one adieu. Ellen was very cheerful, and she determined on no account to shed a tear, when she took her leave.

After having sung to their satisfaction, Murdock placed himself upon the sofa on which Ellen was sitting, and began to mutter something about a request.

"Oh, I'll grant any request, of course," said Ellen, playfully.

"But I fear you will not," said Murdock.

"Oh, to be sure," replied she, in the same playful way.

"Well then, witness," said he, turning to the others, for Ellen had spoken audibly, "that she will grant me any request. I go to Baltimore before long!" His excited feelings prevented his noticing her cold and averted looks, or he would have changed his purpose.

Ellen now had occasion to leave the room for something. As soon as she had gone, Murdock rose, and turning to Ju-

liana, said, "Present my most profound respects to Miss Fulton; I am off."

"But are you not going to wait till she returns, and bid her 'good bye' yourself?"

"Oh, I could not do that," said he, laying his hand on his breast; and making his *salaam*, departed.

"It is too bad!" said Juliana as Ellen returned, "that we cannot see you go. I suppose you will be slipping off while we are at dinner."

"Of course," said Ellen.

The provoking dinner bell was no sooner mentioned, than it sent forth its unwelcome summons.

"Can it be possible it is so late?" said the girls, both at once.

One after another, the different members of the family imprinted a parting kiss upon the cheek of the fair Ellen, and Juliana was left alone with her. At last she arose and attempted to follow their example.

"No you don't," said Ellen, sportively catching hold of her hand; "you don't bid me good bye with that sorrowful face. If you do, I shall break my resolution, and

go away crying like a child. Run down, like a good girl, and eat your dinner; and leave all last words till I see you again."

"How handsome you look!" said Mr. Fulton, as he met Juliana, on her way to dinner, striving to conceal her tears.

Mr. Fulton now accompanied his niece to the cars, and placed her under the care of a friend, who was on his way to the monumental city.

When she reached New York, Ellen had occasion to take a short walk, perhaps to purchase some token of love for a friend, perhaps for other reasons. Passing Niblo's Garden, a well known voice saluted her ear: and turning round, she beheld Monroe.

"How is your wife?" said she, a moment after they had met.

"How is Magdellena?" said he, at the same instant.

Monroe had never known of the report respecting his marriage, until it was now communicated by Ellen. He assured her it was false, and closed by saying he had commenced a correspondence with Magdellena.

"Has not Bancroft told you?" said Monroe.

"No, never."

"That is almost too good news to be true. He is a tried friend."

After taking leave of Monroe, Ellen supposed she had now seen the last of her New England friends, for some time; and she hastened forward to rejoin the friends of her childhood. But while standing upon the wharf, she was again greeted by a familiar voice; and Truesdell, who had left Boston for the prairies of the far west, ten days before, presented himself to her astonished gaze.

"I really thought I was alone in this great city," said she; "but you are the second acquaintance I have met."

"How are all your uncle's family?" rejoined Truesdell.

"Oh, very well; they are enjoying themselves finely."

"Has Juliana Roubigne said any thing about me lately?" said Truesdell.

"Oh, certainly," said Ellen; "we all remember you there. I expect to hear that

you have made proposals shortly," she added, with an arch glance, which confused him not a little.

Leaving her to pursue her journey to her happy home, let us resort to the scenes transpiring in the Queen of Literature and Song, as some of our fashionables, whose acquaintance with either is confined to the last novel or concert, term our ancient Tri-mountain.

CHAPTER IV.

A BROTHER'S ILLNESS.

Once could the morn's first beams, the healthful breeze
All nature charm, and gay was every hour :—
But oh! not music's self, nor fragrant bower,
Can glad the trembling sense of wan disease.

COLERIDGE.

THUS far the Ghennefavers had obtained almost unparalleled success. Not only were their public concerts crowded, but their presence was solicited at numerous private parties, and they were fast winning their way into circles the most refined and fashionable.

Magdellena's natural ease and independence enabled her to move with becoming grace, among the belles of our metropolis, without suffering from a comparison with many, who had received all the accomplishments of a finished education. It is true, she knew nothing about etiquette, save what is

necessarily involved in a kind, affectionate disposition, which makes love with, and interests itself in all its companions, and what little knowledge she had gained from her extensive travels. But, then, she seemed to have a natural intuition with regard to propriety, and while free from the rustic bashfulness so painful to the beholder, she equally avoided the contrary extreme, leaving no ground for the imputation of boldness. In conversation, few could exceed her; for here the richness and originality, so peculiar to her mind, were developed, with such shrewdness and good nature, that she was always a desirable companion. No wonder, then, that many a youth, whose beau ideal of a wife had surrounded her with attributes such as would render home agreeable, and society envious, should have stepped forth with aspiring heart, to secure her, if possible, to grace his own happy fireside.

But uninterrupted prosperity, in this world of change and trial, is seldom of long duration. Sickness, with its attendant ills, visited Levi; and with a few excep-

tions, where they had previously made engagements, they ceased their melody, and hung their harps upon the willows.

"How is your brother, this morning?" said Mr. Fulton, to Magdellena, a week after he had been confined to his room.

"Oh, bad, very bad, we fear he will be worse."

"What! does he not get any better yet?" said the old lady, to whom reference has before been made. "I am afraid you do n't understand taking care of him. I 'll come and look at him soon."

She was a nurse of no ordinary skill, and soon saw, as she approached the sick man, that it was to be feared it would be as Magdellena suggested.

"Have you had any doctor?" she inquired.

"Yes, one of our own countrymen."

"But I am afraid he do n't understand his case," said the old lady, as she proceeded to examine the medicine, prescribed for the patient. But it was delicate business to find fault with a physician, since every one's doctor and minister is the

best; and Mrs. Snell withdrew, hoping that this hint would be sufficient.

"The doctor has given Levi over," said Mr. Bancroft to Mr. Fulton, the same evening. "Do come, and see if nothing can be done for his relief. For my part, I have little confidence in his physician; and what we do must be done quickly."

"How did you find him?" said Mrs. Fulton, on her husband's return to the parlor.

"He is in a very distressed condition; and I am not at all surprised at it, for his physician has ordered him to eat sugar saturated with Irish whiskey, to allay the typhus fever!"

"Is that all he has taken during his sickness?"

"No," replied Mr. Fulton; "he has had also a lard mixture, too!"

An involuntary burst of laughter accompanied this assertion.

"However," resumed Mr. Fulton, "as he has a strong constitution, I am inclined to think that if he receive immediate attention, he may be saved. Dr. J. has been

called, and as you would suppose, all these nostrums speedily vanished."

Under Dr. J.'s skilful treatment he soon began to amend; but while the pleasing prospect of his speedy recovery was held out before them, one little circumstance had well nigh blasted their hopes.

Having such an imperfect knowledge of our language, it would not be strange that the Ghennefavers should sometimes make ludicrous, and even dangerous mistakes, when any verbal direction was given them.

"Have you any laurel leaves?" said Magdellena, addressing Mrs. Fulton one day after Levi had begun to recover.

"Laurels!" repeated Mrs. Fulton; "have you not been winning them all the season? You are the last person I should expect to find in want of them."

"Oh, no," said Magdellena, "I have none."

"Magdellena does not understand the joke," said Juliana.

"There is some mistake about it, you may depend," rejoined Mrs. Fulton.

"Perhaps so," said Magdellena; "but

Miriam said it sounded more like that, than any thing else."

"We have sent to all the apothecaries to get laurel leaves, but in vain," said Mrs. Fulton to Dr. J. when he returned.

"Did you wish for any?" rejoined the doctor.

"We sent for them according to your directions," replied Mrs. Fulton.

Dr. J. was puzzled; he was confident that he had never left any but a written prescription, and, for the moment, knew not what to think. He however at length remembered, that when Levi had importuned him for some nourishment, he had given him permission to eat a little weak broth, with some kind of savory leaves boiled in it. The precise name he had mentioned he did not recollect.

"It is quite fortunate that you did not obtain them," said the doctor, addressing Levi, "for if you had, I fear you would never have been able to win any more laurels in your profession."

During this adverse season, many were the little tokens of remembrance and sym-

pathy which they received, from the first families in our metropolis. The first fruits of a favorite lemon tree, or orange of superior size, and in fact, almost every delicacy which could be procured, far or near, were received from these sources. Even the muses lent their aid; and why should they not, since poetry and music have ever been called twin sisters, and in strains most moving strove to charm the fell disease, and tempt the minstrels forth. The following lines appeared at this time in the Transcript:

Addressed to one of the Tyrolese Minstrels, who, while in Boston, lay at the point of death.

"I may not thus depart—farewell! yet, no, my country, no!
Is love not stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so.
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountain and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy vales again!"

HEMANS.

He came from his home, in the full strength of manhood,
From the land of the moss-covered castle and vine;
Away from the green hills that greeted his childhood,
The blue sky of Tyrol—the glorious Rhine!

High up the wild steep where the chamois is bounding,
And snowy peaks glitter like stars of the night,

Where the mountain horn's echo is shrilly resounding,
We have followed thy call to the Alps' dizzy height.

And low in the still glade, where vineyards are wreathing
Their rich purple clusters, sweet flowers among,
We 've roamed with thee, minstrel; thy strains are now breathing,
"Ira eu, ira ai eu!" the glad peal has rung!

Did a thought of thine own leaping torrent arouse thee,
Didst hear from the rock ledge the young eaglet dash;
Or soaring in loftiest grandeur and beauty,
Didst behold on lone Glockner* the clear moonbeam flash?

There bursts from that dark room a deep tone of sadness,
"My cousin! the friend of my boyhood, awake!
Oh may not our love win thee back to thy gladness?
Oh will not our home-lays the fever spell break?

"Sing me, kind sisters, sing the pastoral lays I love,
Nor tell, oh, tell me not I 'm wandering; for I hear
The merry, tuneful *shalm*† amid the shady grove,
And his majestic height I see bold Ortles rear!

"From sweet *Passeyer's*‡ bank I hear the tinkling bell,
As o'er its sunny vales the mountain shadows fall;
I hear its rushing tide through many a leafy dell,
And once more tread with awe the old baronial hall.

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* The *Glockner* and the *Ortles* are said to be the sublimest peaks in the Tyrol.

† A flute-like instrument used by the Tyrolese shepherds.

‡ The beautiful *Passeyer* valley was the home of Andreas Hofer.

"O heim, O heim!* I wake to health and joy once more,
My lofty startling crags and vine-clad hills I see!
The thrilling *jodeln*† sounds; and at our cottage door
My tender mother sits; she weeps, she welcomes me!"

Go, then, to thy home in the full strength of manhood—
To the land of the moss-covered castle and vine;
Go, cherish the green hills that greeted thy childhood,
The blue sky of Tyrol—the glorious Rhine!

H. N. J.

BOSTON, 1841.

After a tedious confinement of six weeks, the minstrels re-appeared in public, in answer to the muses' call, to the great gratification of the musical community; and their carol seemed sweeter than ever.

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* *O heim*, I long for home.

† The Ranz de Vasche of the Tyrol.

CHAPTER V.

A DISCOVERY.

"What is in a name?"
"Why, every thing; wealth, honor,
Happiness; all the heart doth love."

A FEW weeks after Ellen's departure for Baltimore, Monroe received a letter from Magdellena, in which, among other important particulars, she mentioned her fears that Reves, a celebrated vocalist, would rather monopolize the patronage of the city, by his superior reputation, and thus compel them to seek new ground. Monroe, for obvious reasons, felt deeply interested in their concerns, and answered the letter in person. The Ghennefavers, Magdellena excepted, supposing that Monroe was married, were rejoiced to see him, and now placed no barrier in the way of his seeing their sister when he chose, never

dreaming of the snare in which they were caught, by their own credulity. And indeed, all Mr. Fulton's family supposed it was so, save Bancroft, who faithfully kept the secret. Accordingly Monroe received the warmest congratulations from all his New England friends; and while it was such a benefit to him to have this report in circulation, who will wonder that he had no inclination to deprive himself of Magdellena's society, by correcting it.

Murdock was now content to leave the fair Ellen to another; and supposing there was no obstacle in the way, began to press his suit with Magdellena. As might be expected, he was firmly refused; but knowing that many, before him, who had threaded love's devious maze, had overcome, only through perseverance, he resolved to continue his endeavors to win her affections, with a zeal worthy of better success. About a fortnight after Monroe had returned to Boston, Mrs. Fulton said to Magdellena, "I have a letter from Ellen."

"Oh, have you," she inquired, her eye brightening with pleasure at hearing any

thing from her dear friend. "What did she say?"

"She says," replied Mrs. Fulton, fixing her dark eyes upon Magdellena, so that it almost made her blush in anticipation, "that yóu correspond with Monroe."

"'T is true," said Magdellena with her characteristic frankness. "Monroe is not married; that is a false report. But I hope you will not tell my brothers."

"Oh, certainly not; I will say nothing about it to them."

But a secret has a wonderful faculty of getting air, when a number have it in their possession. And so it proved in the present instance. When Monroe came to take his departure, which he did the next day, Magdellena, for some unaccountable reason, was not to be seen.

"Can't I see Magdellena?" said he, as he knocked at the door; for the time fixed for his leaving was drawing near, and he was determined to see her at all events.

"No, you cannot," was the laconic reply, given by one of the stern mountaineers.

Monroe hesitated a moment what course

to pursue; and turning slowly away from the door, meditating upon some plan to elude their vigilance, met Mr. Fulton. "You are just the man I wished to see," said he. "Have you told the Ghennefavers that I was not married?"

"No; why? Have they found out your correspondence with Magdellena?"

"I expect so, for she has not been visible to day; and just now, when I asked to see her, I was refused."

"Oh well, never mind," said Bancroft, who was passing the hall, "if you are determined to see her, it can be easily managed. They know at what hour you intend to leave, do they not?"

"Yes; they know there is but one hour at which I can start, if I go to-day."

"Well, then, go out so that you will be sure that they will see you from their window; and go to the United States Hotel, and stay there till evening, and then return. They not seeing you any where, will suppose you far away on the Sound. Meanwhile I will let Magdellena know, the first good opportunity, and so arrange matters that you can meet."

"Thank you," said Monroe, and hastened forward as he had been directed, to hide himself in that huge building, till the happy hour should arrive, when he might again be permitted to have an interview with Magdellena.

"Where is Monroe?" said Solon Ghennefaver, as he came down to tea, and looked round with apparent astonishment.

"He left us at five o'clock for New York, did he not, Mr. Fulton?" said some one.

"He went out a little before five," said Mr. Fulton, "so that I have no doubt that he reached the depot before the cars had gone."

"I hope he did," said Solon, looking very considerate. "It is a great vexation to get ready for a journey, and finally be left because you are a minute too late."

"No doubt you are entirely disinterested," thought Mr. Fulton, who was much amused at the fine turn Solon had given to the affair.

"I am glad to see that cup of water go over," he continued, addressing the lady

who sat next to him, to conceal the cause of his laughter, which he could not suppress.

Solon's tarry at the tea table was short. He hastened to communicate the news of Monroe's departure to his brother and sister. Magdellena was then released from her confinement, and under the pretext of eating supper, for which she had little appetite, came down with swollen eyes, to have another consultation with Bancroft.

"Magdellena," said Mr. Fulton, when no one was present who could communicate it to the watchful family, "come, cheer up, Monroe will be here shortly, and you can see him as soon as you please."

As the bells chimed nine, Monroe stole quietly back to Mr. Fulton's, and in a few moments, was seated by the side of Magdellena. Their stolen interview was occupied with eager discussion of their hopes and plans for the future; and so intensely were they busied, (as lovers ever have been, on similar occasions,) that they failed to note the flight of time.

The next day, after his departure, as

Magdellena took her usual walk, she met her Yankee lover, who once more renewed his suit.

"'Tis a delightful morning," said he, by way of introducing the conversation.

"Do you think so?" replied Magdellena coldly, who was exceedingly vexed at his intrusion upon her more agreeable thoughts, for the parting words of Monroe still lingered on her ear.

"You seemed to be going some where in another direction," said she; "pray don't let your politeness to me cause you to abandon it."

"Oh, that is of no consequence," he replied, with a very polite bow. "I should consider it a favor to gallant you any where, Magdellena."

"But I stand in no need of a gallant," replied Magdellena, determined to let him know that he was to expect no favor from her. But he seemed to be perfectly blind to her insinuations, and did not leave her until he had again tendered his heart and hand; which, we need not say, was declined.

Murdock now grew jealous of Bancroft, and had the kindness to apprise Solon of the supposed attachment.

"I am not at all troubled about that," replied Solon, "for he is engaged to Ellen Fulton."

Though Murdock well knew that this was not so, and that neither himself nor Bancroft could win the heart destined for another, he heard the remark with little pleasure. He saw that Solon was deceived, and believed it was Bancroft's work. "He shall not cross my path again," he said to himself, as he turned away angrily.

From some unaccountable cause, the Ghennefavers favored Murdock's suit; and consequently Magdellena was doubly tried. Perhaps it was because they could still retain her as a singer, that they acquiesced in his proposals. This, however, is only surmise.

"I think Magdellena will eventually marry Murdock," said Juliana Roubigne to Mrs. Fulton.

"Not so," she replied. "Magdellena is going to be married, but not to Murdock, or any other son of New England."

"Who then can it be," asked Juliana.

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Fulton. "It is Monroe."

"Monroe! Monroe!! why, he was married a month ago."

"Oh, that's all a hoax."

"But what a wretch Monroe was, to pretend he was married!"

"He did not. It was a false report, which was circulated without his knowledge, arising probably from the fact, that his sister was married about this time."

"It is strange that folks could not tell the difference between his marriage and that of his sister."

"I suppose, when Bancroft reported the story, he the more readily believed it, because he knew Monroe's father would be glad to have him marry a certain young lady in New York."

"Well, upon my word," said Juliana, "this exceeds all the tales of romance I ever read."

"What is the matter with the Ghennefavers?" said Mrs. Thornton, as she returned from the tea-table, where she had been tak-

ing a ten o'clock supper with them, after having been to their concert.

"Why do you ask?"

"Something goes wrong, you may depend. We sat down to the table, and no one tasted a mouthful, for at least five minutes; Solon, meanwhile, very eloquently talking something in German, which, judging from the countenances of the rest, was not of a very pleasing nature. I did not know but they might have been displeased at my presence."

"I don't think their supper pleased them as well as usual," said Mr. Fulton. "John is sick, you know, and Henry is lame; and I think it likely that they have given them what was at hand."

"I am very sorry that they should be neglected at any time," said Mrs. Fulton, "but particularly at this juncture."

Juliana now whispered something to Mr. Fulton, who replied audibly.

"Well, I did not suppose it was wholly the supper that disturbed them; there will probably be an explosion in a few days."

"So then I was not mistaken in suppos-

ing there was something in the wind," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Wait patiently," said Juliana, "and you will know in due season."

The next morning Solon Ghennefaver presented himself in the parlor.

"I should like my bill, Mr. Fulton," said Solon; "we are going to leave you."

"But have you not engaged rooms for the winter, and rooms, too, that I might have let repeatedly, had they not been engaged to you," said Mr. Fulton. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, you and Monroe have put *te tyfel* into Magdellena."

"That's a curious confession," said Mrs. Thornton, as he left the room; "we shall all have to look out, if that is the way you serve your friends."

"I can explain that satisfactorily," said he, as he arose to leave the room.

"Do go," said Juliana, "and persuade Magdellena to remain."

"What, separate her from her brothers and sister!" said Mrs. Thornton. "What can she do to support herself alone, and a stranger?"

"Brothers and sisters! they are no more related to her than you and I are, except Levi, who is her cousin."

"But do they not call themselves the Ghennefaver family," rejoined Mrs. Thornton. "It is strange that they should all have one name, if they are not related."

Solon now re-appeared, and inquired for Mr. Fulton, who immediately stepped in. The bill did not seem to suit the Ghennefavers, and Solon had come to adjust the affair. Mr. Fulton very calmly explained the justice of the bill, and when he found Solon inclined to stand out beyond the bounds of reason, he fixed his eye sternly upon him, and said, "Solon Ghennefaver, I know your real name. I have seen a man from your country, who knows you well."

Solon turned pale, and acknowledged the fact.

"You can publish us if you choose."

"I have no desire to injure you, though I could do it," said Mr. Fulton.

The bill was accordingly settled, without further trouble.

"Explain to me," said Mrs. Thornton,

"why they should deceive the community so. It has quite lowered them, in my estimation, the pretty Magdellena and all."

"She is the only one who has not assumed a false name," replied Mr. Fulton. "All the rest have taken *her* name."

"Ah, that is quite another thing."

"In the mean time," said Mr. Fulton, "you must not mention the fact, that they are not brothers and sisters, for it will injure them; and it will come out in due season. I will tell you, in part, what Solon meant by his charge against me. Magdellena has committed the dreadful *crime* of loving whom she pleases, even at the hazard of their disapprobation. And they suppose that I have done all the mischief. So they are taking her away from here, hoping, if they get her out from our influence, it may be possible to break up the match."

"But have you been interfering in this thing?" inquired Mrs. Thornton.

"No, I knew nothing about it, till I supposed they were engaged; and then, when I discovered it, by accident, I committed

the sin of keeping it secret, and helping Monroe to see Magdellena."

Our readers may have some curiosity to learn the origin of this singular family, and we will accordingly leave them, awhile, to pursue their hostility to Magdellena's marriage, while we trace them to their source, among the mountains and valleys of the Tyrol.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME.

"Home, sweet home!
Be it never so humble,
There's no place like home."

"Ah, I have it," said Montagno, as he sat in his counting room, in Wall Street, one cold morning, his feet upon the stove, perusing a foreign paper. "I'll make arrangements to put this scheme into execution, before another day passes over my head." So saying, he arose, and putting on his outer garments, walked hastily to Delmonico's.

"I am glad to find you in," said he to Lefevre, whom he had come purposely to see: "I was reading a paragraph in a foreign newspaper, respecting some splendid vocalists from Tyrol, which has given me quite a new idea."

"What is it?" said Lefevre.

"It is this. To import some of those minstrels, and after giving them a reasonable compensation for their time, to speculate upon them, by having them give concerts in their national costume."

"No doubt you will make money," replied Lefevre, who anticipated that it would give him employment.

"Do you think so?" said Montagno eagerly, pleased to find his plan approved by others beside himself. "Well, when do you think of revisiting France?"

"I have made arrangements to do so shortly," said Lefevre.

Montagno then made the necessary negociation with Lefevre, to go to Tyrol, and procure four vocalists, on the plan just mentioned. It would be useless to tire our readers with a minute detail of the business transactions connected with the contract, into which Lefevre entered, before commencing his expedition. And we will now transport our readers to the scene of his labors.

Perhaps there is no country in the Austrian dominions, more romantic in its scen-

ery, or important in its situation, than the Tyrol, or, as it has been appropriately styled, "the gate-way of the Alps." For six hundred years this country has been subject to Austria; and though the possession of it has been contested by other nations, on account of its control of the passage over the Alps, it has clung to the rulers of Austria, with unexampled attachment.

Situated between the bland and delightful air of Italy, and the eternal snows of the higher Alps, the most fastidious might be pleased with the variety of its climate and scenery.

The valley of the Inn, and its numerous tributaries, especially, presents an appearance of no common beauty. Its undulating surface is variegated by many towns and villages, interspersed with many a hill top, which bears proudly upon its summit the ruins of some ancient castle, that once proclaimed the power and wealth of its noble occupant. These remains of former greatness are now mostly tenanted by shepherds, who take refuge under them, while pursuing the avocations of pastoral life.

From one of these old castles, the Tyrol is said to have taken its name; the owners of the castle, who bore the same name, possessing a larger share of that tract of country than any others of the nobility.

To the peasants seems to be allotted present comfort, rather than any great relic of former prosperity. The well conducted farm-houses and finely cultivated lands to which they are attached, are not the least pleasing features of the country. Though peasants, they breathe the same soul-enlivening air, and partake of the same national characteristics, in common with the nobility, though generally free from those vices connected with luxury, wealth and power.

In the little village of Fügen, which graced the valley of Zillerthal, we find our sweetest songstress. Her father's residence at the foot of the mountain, seemed to bespeak competence; if we might judge from its ample dimensions, and the delightful garden, which extended for some distance up the sides of the mountain, and enclosed a wild stream, which danced in playful cascades from the summit above.

It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun had glittered on the snowy Alps, and the valleys had long since resigned his earlier beams, when Magdellena, then nearly fifteen, retired to her own apartment, and fastening the door, to prevent intrusion, drew from her bosom a letter, that, from the source from which it came, she dared not peruse in the presence of her parents. Again and again she read the secret epistle, and ere she was aware, found herself contriving schemes which might end in the accomplishment of her wishes.

"But no," said she to herself, starting up, and carefully placing the letter in the drawer, that it might meet the eye of no one; "filial love and obedience require me forever to resign my darling project; so farewell, blissful dreams! I will forever remain with my parents." Thus said the noble girl, and retired to rest, endeavoring to resign her forbidden pleasures, and find her happiness in compliance with the wishes of her parents.

The reader may suppose that Magdellena was struggling to overcome some mis-

placed affection, from her clandestine letter. But no; thoughts of matrimony had not begun to agitate her youthful breast.

Magdellena had frequently, of late, met her cousin Levi Hardenberg, as she had been returning from confession, and from him learned that he had engaged to come to America as a vocalist, in company with Solon Olshausen, and Miriam Springer.

"Lefevre wants a fourth," said Levi.

"Do you think you can make much money?" inquired Magdellena, whose thoughts instantly reverted to the distressed condition of her parents, and the idea of doing something to relieve them, flashed across her mind.

"It is a rare chance," said Levi. "How I wish you could go with us, for we cannot go till a fourth is obtained."

"Oh, if I *could* go," said Magdellena, "what a benefit it would be to my parents!" So saying, she hastened home to communicate the good news.

"What makes you so out of breath?" said her careful mother, as she entered the house quite overcome with the run she had taken.

"Oh! mother," said she, "we shall yet see brighter days, as in former times; and you, instead of being obliged to work so hard, can sit beside my poor lame father, who will then have all the comforts of life, without your incessant toil."

"Is the girl crazy?" said her father, who was reclining upon a couch at one end of the room, and could divine no cause for Magdellena's ecstasy.

"Oh, no," replied she, laughing, "all this you can really enjoy, if——"

"If what?" said her parents, impatient to learn what she meant.

"If you will let me go to America, and sing, with Miriam Springer, and cousin Levi, and Solon Olshausen."

"Ah, that indeed," said her mother, "if we would let you be ruined."

"Oh, mother, do hear me," cried Magdellena. She then related the proposals which had been made by Lefevre, and closed by saying,

"If I could go, I would send you every cent of my wages, as fast as I received them. For recollect, mother," said the

est son to convey to Magdellena in the most secret manner possible. Their little boy understood well the part he was to act, and delivered it unobserved. This was the letter which we found Magdellena perusing alone in her own apartment. We need not give our readers a copy. Suffice it to say, it was written with all woman's eloquence.

But Magdellena, intending to be faithful to her word, allowed it to influence her as little as possible. She however watched her opportunity to give the boy a negative answer, which he faithfully conveyed to Mrs. Hardenberg.

"Oh, Magdellena," said Mrs. Ghennefaver, a short time after, bringing forward the concealed letter, to which we have alluded, and which she accidently discovered, while looking for some article; "what does this mean? I always supposed you was frank and confiding, and allowed me to share in all that interested you. But if you have commenced a secret correspondence, I shall never know when to trust you."

"Indeed, mother," said the agitated girl, "perhaps I have done wrong, but I intended no harm. I considered this matter forever settled; and did not like to pain you by bringing this forward, when you had once expressed your decided wishes. So I laid it aside, never intending to think of it again."

"I believe you," said the fond mother. Thus were her fears quieted, and she now hoped for rest.

Mrs. Hardenberg having gained nothing by her epistle, grew more determined than ever, and putting on her hat, was soon after seen approaching her sister's.

"I am surprised at you," said she as she entered, addressing Magdellena's parents, "that you should refuse so good an offer; especially as you are not the persons who can afford to let slip so good a chance to make money."

"I should like the money," replied Mrs. Ghennefaver, "but what is money compared with the loss of a daughter?"

"Oh, you foolish woman," exclaimed her sister; "have you not long enough

suffered from sickness, and other depressing causes, to make you wise enough to seek to extricate yourself from your trying circumstances, when you can?"

"Sister," said Mrs. Ghennefaver, "I will never consent. These hands can work, and they shall. Do you think, that merely to live a life of comparative ease, I could bear to send away a daughter, who is now all I could wish, perhaps to be ruined, for the sake of obtaining comforts, which for wise reasons are denied me?"

As her sister alluded to her trials, Mrs. Ghennefaver sighed. It was many years since her husband had been able to work, and an aged father and mother were dependent upon them for support.

The farm, which had been under such excellent cultivation, when conducted by her husband, was less productive under her direction, and she frequently looked forward with melancholy forebodings to her future prospects.

Their eldest daughter, Mary, now entered, and after listening awhile to the flattering proposals, volunteered her services.

Her parents looked at each other. Mary had for some time been allowed by her parents to act for herself, but now they knew not what to do.

"You are better acquainted with the world," said her mother, hesitating, "and you must decide for yourself. Oh, that I had never seen the day, in which my children must be forced from me."

"But, mother, if I can be of so much use to you, do not mourn, but rejoice in our good fortune."

Mrs. Hardenberg returned and communicated her success to her son, and Mary hastened to the priest to receive his approbation and blessing. But her scheme did not meet the approbation of the holy father, and he advised the sanguine girl to return, and depend upon quiet industry for support, rather than risk her happiness upon a foreign shore.

Though his word was not exactly law, yet it almost amounted to it, with this family, who lived in accordance with the straitest forms of their religion, with characteristic zeal.

Accordingly, the plan was given up, and the fond parents almost wept for joy, as they that evening looked upon their happy family circle, with the reflection that now they might toil and rejoice together, without fear of interruption.

The rejection of this good offer, was the subject of much gossip in the neighborhood; and less sympathy was felt for the afflicted family than formerly, by some who could see no impropriety in sending away a pretty girl of fifteen, to a strange country, without any suitable person to take the charge of her. But Mrs. Hardenberg and her party were not so easily vanquished. What is equal to woman's perseverance!

The summer was now gone, and autumn had loaded the garden with luxuriant fruit, and tempted the crippled father out, surrounded with his wife and children, to behold the beautiful sight, and participate in the mirth attendant upon gathering the delicious harvest.

"I'll take this peach to father," said Edward, the Benjamin of the family.

"Not before I hand him something bet-

ter," said his brother, a few years older, who was desirous to show equal affection for his afflicted parent.

The children enjoyed themselves heartily; and the parents never seemed so happy, as while watching their glee and bustle, when Mrs. Ghennefaver wiped a tear away, and whispered to her husband, "We are too happy. I have a presentiment that this is not long to last." Her husband had hardly time to reply, chiding her for her unbelief, when Mrs. Hardenberg and Lefevre presented themselves. They had now come with their mouths full of arguments.

"Come, sister," said Mrs. Hardenberg, "I have brought you a man who will be responsible for the safety of Magdellena. He is here, and can testify for himself."

Lefevre than assured Mrs. Ghennefaver, with all the suavity of manner peculiar to the French, of his interest in her, and promised to protect her faithfully. He continued by predicting her certain success, and enlarged upon the liberal compensation offered, till he almost made them feel that it was too good to be refused.

"I should like your money," said the distressed father, but your price is too great. "A daughter, affectionate and confiding, is priceless."

Mrs. Hardenberg had watched their faces with intense interest, and till this last sentence had been uttered, thought she perceived some appearance of yielding; but now she could not restrain her feelings, and addressed her sister in the following terms:

"You have *now* a house and farm; but you know they are mortgaged, and soon this beautiful garden may yield its delicious fruits to another, and the pleasant stream which has murmured so sweetly, as your children have played around it, will send forth the same sweet music to strangers."

Mr. and Mrs. Ghennefaver looked at he delightful spot, and the many hallowed associations that were connected with it rose in silent eloquence, to urge the necessity of some bold measure.

Mrs. Hardenberg saw her advantage, and continued—

"When my son returns with the profits

of his adventure, and you are banished from this pleasant home, by your own choice, how bitter will be the reflection, that you might have possessed the same comforts that he does, if you had not most obstinately refused!"

Added to this entreaty, Magdellena stood, with imploring looks, eyeing her parents, as though her destiny was soon to be pronounced.

"Magdellena may go, if her mother consents," the unhappy father at length replied.

Mrs. Ghennefaver buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. At length becoming more composed, she said, "I shall make no objections to your going: you must decide for yourself."

Magdellena, who had always wished to go, was now wretched. The responsibility was thrown upon her, and it was more than she knew how to bear. If she decided to go, she knew it would be almost like forcing herself away from her parents; if she stayed at home, she cut off, voluntarily, the last hope upon which they could

reasonably depend, to relieve them from embarrassment. It seemed to be her duty to go. Mrs. Hardenberg and Lefevre added their solicitations, or perhaps she never would have had strength to make the decision. But when it was done, she nobly determined to nerve her mind for the separation.

It was now Saturday. Lefevre and Mrs. Hardenberg knew too much of human nature to allow a long time to elapse after her determination, before her departure, and accordingly requested her to be ready the next Tuesday.

"That's impossible," said Mrs. Ghennefaver. "She cannot get ready for such a journey, in that time."

To this Lefevre replied, that he had orders to get her any thing she should need, in France, and urged the necessity of haste, for many important reasons.

Mr. Ghennefaver, knowing that it was filial affection which had led his daughter to turn her back upon her home, and her dear native land, determined to sustain the separation with becoming fortitude. And

calling Magdellena to him, the day before she left, endeavored to prepare her mind for the trials that might await her.

"You will soon find," said he, "that there is a great difference between the humblest home, and the stranger's house, let it assume what appearance it may. If you are sick, do not think that every person by whom you are surrounded, will be as much interested for you as your family circle have been; and, in short, prepare yourself for unforeseen trials and vexations."

The priest gave her similar counsels, and now reluctantly consented to her departure.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOYAGE.

Adieu, O father land! I see
Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
And though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells and my eyes are dim.

N. P. WILLIS.

Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew.

IB.

THE eventful day at length arrived, and, as if to mock Magdellena's warmest affections, and render still more severe the pangs which almost rent her soul, as she parted from her friends, her dear native hills assumed unwonted loveliness, as she beheld them from her own little room, where she had been gazing at them for hours, having risen early to take a last look, and give vent to her emotions, before she met, for the last time, her family circle. Glorious was the prospect before her. Methinks many a

lover of wild, majestic nature, would have rejoiced to stand with our heroine, in that hallowed spot, and mark the sun as it rose, flinging its golden beams across many a spangled mountain, whose snowy summit had already begun to assume the hues of the rainbow, as a few icy particles yielded to the genial influence of the warm rays. While below, in regular succession, the verdant hills arose, and presented to the eye of the beholder, who gazed till she became almost identified with the scene, the steep, but delightful path of peace, which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

And there was the garden too, that loved spot, where every tree and shrub, every walk, and the pleasant stream, whose waters rendered it a little paradise—all, as they met the gaze of her tearful eyes, spoke of associations of childish joy, and youthful scenes, which endeared the spot more than ever to her. It seemed as though she could read her past life, upon almost every leaf which waved to the mountain breeze; so vividly did memory paint the by-go e

transactions which occurred when in ch
ish glee she sported under their shade. T
images of a father's love, and a moth
tenderness, and the society of her broth
and sisters, with whom she had roar
over the wild haunts of the valley, all c
spired to chain her to the spot, and ren
perfect the picture, which was presen
before her, and which, had it been desc
ed upon canvass, with a painter's ha
might have been almost obliterated by
tears which she shed.

> "But Nature, smiling, could look calmly on,
> Nor fear destruction from a woman's grief."

Is there aught beside can stand thus
moved?

A slight noise below startled Magdell
from her reverie; and she knew, fr
the sound, it was a mother's voice, a mc
er's prayers. Sobs and sighs accompan
each petition, as they were offered for h
alternately, to the Blessed Virgin, and
the numerous vocabulary of saints. M
dellena sobbed a response, and making

sign of the cross, prepared to descend the stairs as her mother closed her orisons.

The time passed rapidly, as the last preparations were making, and soon the hour of her departure was announced. Mr. Ghennefaver, in his own vehicle, was carried to the hotel, where his favorite child had engaged to meet her musical companions. Solon, Levi, and Miriam had been wont to travel, and could look upon a journey of this length, with the utmost coolness.

"Come, cheer up," said her cousin Levi; "think of the prospect before you, of the wealth you may obtain, and the comforts that you may confer upon your parents. We may see these hills again, much happier than we are now."

Many villagers had assembled to take their leave of Magdellena, and she found that her brothers and sisters were not likely to lack sympathy, during their trial.

The loud crack of the driver's whip sounded like a knell to the afflicted father's ears; and as she bid him adieu, in obedience to the summons, his heart almost sunk

within him, and he would have given worlds, had he never consented to her going.

You, who have affectionate, confiding daughters, in all the blooming loveliness of youth, whose personal attractions can win the heart of even a stranger, say, what would be your emotions, were you, by disease, compelled to resign your darling to a long banishment from your presence and your smiles?

But enough: she was gone—and now they return to the mansion at the foot of the mountain, which was deserted of its singing bird, and become the abode of sorrow. And why should they not weep? Had they not lost a child, to all intents and purposes? Yea, worse than lost, in their opinion; for all the woes which it was possible to befall a child of sorrow, they saw, in imagination, following her, and glutting their destructive appetites in the ruin of their beloved one.

Mrs. Ghennefaver, for a time, could not be comforted, and sought her couch, upon which to weep.

The fruit, which on Saturday had been shaken from the trees, was painful to their sight; and for a time, they seemed shorn of their strength. Mrs. Hardenberg was as ready to administer consolation, as she had been to urge Magdellena's departure. And through her kindness, they soon began to hope, almost as sanguinely as they had feared. So closely does one extreme follow another.

We will now look in upon Magdellena and her companions, who were travelling over the mountain roads, with the usual rapidity, changing carriages once in four hours, or every twelve miles. It is useless to follow them minutely. At Bregens they spent their first night, where, overcome with the fatigue and excitement caused by the scenes through which they had passed, they enjoyed an unusually calm slumber. When Magdellena awoke, much refreshed by such gentle repose, she found that, like the riches of old, what little money she had brought with her, had taken to itself wings and flown away. It is hard for a spirit which has been accustomed to roam over

the hills and valleys, as free as the little streams which play upon their sides, to feel dependence; and it was so, in the present instance. It is true, Magdellena was not obliged to pay her own expenses, but what had been so cruelly wrested from her was the hard earnings of a mother's hand, who gave it to provide her with any little comforts of which she might stand in need, and which would not occur to her conductor.

Poor girl, had she known what was to befall her before she reached America, she would have felt her loss more deeply. But ignorance was bliss, on the present occasion.

At Schafhausen, the third day of their journey, a new mode of conveyance awaited them. Perhaps our readers may never have seen one of these huge carriages, and for their benefit we will describe them. The French "Diligence," as it is called, is an oblong carriage, resembling a railroad car, with a partition dividing it into two parts, with seats for eight persons in each part. Its height, however, was so great, that it was mounted by a ladder.

On the top of it, also, were seats for the accommodation of travellers, whose haste, or courage, or both, were such, that they did not fear the dangers of such an elevated ride over this mountainous country.

All the seats in this carriage were engaged, save two, one in each part, one of which Lefevre took for himself, and gave the other to Magdellena, who was now just beginning to experience the charm of home sickness—a malady which might draw tears of sympathy from the hardest heart. Solon, Levi, and Miriam, were accordingly mounted upon the top, to their great vexation; and certainly it was no desirable place.

After travelling many hours, Magdellena, who supposed that she should stop once in four hours, as she had formerly done, expressed her surprise at their continuing to travel so long, without cessation.

"Oh," replied a Frenchman, who sat beside her, and had for some time been much interested in his sorrowful companion, "we shall not stop till we get to Paris."

"How long will that be?" inquired

Magdellena, who now began to feel the keen demands of appetite.

"Three days and three nights," was the astounding reply.

"But are these six horses going to travel all that time, without intermission?" said the bewildered girl, who, though used to fasting, could not bring herself to look calmly upon one of such unreasonable length.

"Oh, no," replied the Frenchman, "you will soon see how that is done. We shall find another set of horses fastened to a pole, at the next post-house, and this one will be taken out, and that attached to the carriage, without occasioning any sensible delay."

Despair now seemed to close in the prospect, on every side. Ignorant of the fact that the Diligence made no stop upon the way, our travellers had not been provided with food, and their condition was distressing, in the extreme.

"Oh," thought Magdellena, "how true were the words of my father!" and she sunk back in the carriage, overcome with the dreadful prospect before her.

Our travellers upon the top of the Diligence, though more accustomed to hardship, were chagrined beyond measure, when they found themselves so shockingly taken in. And, to add to their trouble, a smart shower descended, and drenched them most thoroughly.

But providentially, a place of uncommon difficulty occurred in the road, when about half their tedious journey was performed, and the passengers were requested to alight and walk to the next inn, which was already in sight. This was, indeed, one of the most fortunate accidents that ever occurred; and the travellers had no sooner set their feet upon terra firma, than they hastened by a cross path to the inn, which they reached before their travelling prison, on account of he circuitous course of the road.

Here the Frenchman showed his national politeness; and though a stranger, provided Magdellena with suitable refreshments for her present necessities. Solon, Levi, and Miriam, had, like Magdellena, started with money of their own, but they

were now almost as destitute as herself; for Lefevre had borrowed nearly all they had, before starting for Paris. Accordingly, they were not able to indulge their appetites very freely, though tantalized by the sight of plenty. But their long trial had an end; and as the populous city of Paris became visible, the last day of their journey, our travellers hailed its appearance, as the harbinger of better days. But they were mistaken.

After reaching Paris, Lefevre, who was desirous to transact some business of importance, in a distant part of the kingdom, left his minstrels in the care of a friend, whom he supposed trust-worthy. But it proved a most unfortunate exchange, for our travellers. Balzac had no sooner received the money, with which to supply their wants, than he went, as his custom was, to a gaming house, and absorbed with his destructive passion, recollected not to provide them with food, till the fact, that he had lost all that had been entrusted to him, brought them to his mind. Now he must stay a little longer, to win it back

again; but, as usual, it ended only in disappointment. Consequently our minstrels were again almost starved, in the midst of plenty. The glorious prospects that they had pictured to themselves, before they started, seemed but the vision of a deluded fancy, as their accumulated trials burst upon them.

Magdellena now tasted all the bitterness of that worst of all diseases, home sickness. And sitting down to write a letter to her parents, as she had promised, she found it impossible to control her feelings sufficiently to convey her thoughts on paper. Our readers will suppose that she was in a most unhappy situation, when they recollect that historians have represented that the attachment of the inhabitants of Tyrol to their native land is so great, that the desire to behold it again after a long absence, frequently becomes a disease, which will yield to the control of neither medicine nor skill.

One day, after they had become quite weak from want of food, they took a walk to beguile the tedious hours, which hun-

ger, with its gnawings, caused to hang more heavily. They had not proceeded far, before Magdellena sallied back, through weakness, and would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for Solon, who supported her to her lodgings, and went in search of Balzac, immediately, with a demand for sufficient food.

"What success?" said Miriam, as Solon returned, with a sorrowful countenance.

"He has given me that," he replied, as he displayed a five franc piece, equal to ninety-four cents, with which to satisfy four hungry mountaineers. Though insufficient to supply their wants, they thankfully received the small sum, and hastened as fast as possible to procure the necessary refreshment.

"I think Balzac will not be able to starve us much longer," said Levi, one morning, returning from a merchant tailor's, whither he had been directed to go by Lefevre, to obtain their finished costume.

"Do you think so?" said Solon, who was glad to hear of any prospect of alleviation.

"I shall never trust any body again," sighed Magdellena, who again recalled her parent's last words, and had spent most of her time in weeping. "Oh, my father, my mother, how could I be so foolish as to leave you!"

"Hush that foolish noise," said Solon; "there are honest folks in other places besides Tyrol. Come with me, and I will show you as kind a man as any we can boast."

It seems that the benevolent tailor had been much interested in his account of his sufferings, and that of the females with him, and had promised to minister to their necessities, whenever they would call upon him, which they lost no time in doing. And during the remainder of their stay, he provided for them, whenever they were in need of his hospitality.

Upon Lefevre's return to Paris, which was in about a fortnight, they took leave of the city, which to them had been the scene of so much suffering, and started for Havre, in a vehicle similar to the one which had brought them to Paris.

Before leaving, their kind friend, the tailor, provided them with some nourishment, to take by the way; and with hearts full of gratitude to him, they left the place, where they had but one friend, without regret.

"We shall go on board ship to-morrow, and all our starvation troubles will be at an end," said Solon, the day they reached Havre, unable to control his joy at the prospect of bidding adieu to the French conveyances; "and then it will be but a short time before we reach America."

"I don't know about that," said Magdellena; "we were going to be provided with every thing we needed, at Paris; and since you know how we fared there, I wonder you can have a heart to expect any thing again."

"Oh, I have travelled more than you," said Miriam, "and never was served so before. I don't see any use in forever borrowing trouble, because we have once been deceived."

"Neither do I," said Levi; "for even if

we are again disappointed, it will be better for us, in the end, to be cheerful."

"That is a beautiful ship," said Magdellena, the next day, as she gave a scrutinizing glance at the vessel, which was now to be her home, until she reached her journey's end. "If it were not for fear of sea-sickness, I think I should be quite contented to enter it."

"Oh, never mind," replied Solon, "if we are sea-sick we shall not feel the want of provisions, if there is a scarcity."

"That's very comforting," said Magdellena, laughing.

But they were interrupted by orders to go on board, and were soon fast sailing far from their native shores.

Magdellena's extreme youth and artlessness, at the same time accompanied with uncommon shrewdness, rendered her quite attractive, aside from her melodious voice. And she had not long been an inhabitant of this beautiful sea bird, before she was the acknowledged favorite of all. And if we could judge by the charming notes which she warbled forth, after having be-

come inured to the motion of the vessel, we should now pronounce her quite free from the distressing malady, which had, among her other troubles, embittered the previous portions of the journey.

"Magdellena has the advantage over the rest of you," said Lefevre, who took occasion to enter into conversation with them, a few mornings before they reached America.

"How so?" said Miriam, who had before felt somewhat piqued at the greater attentions her rival had received.

"She has the best name," said the Frenchman.

"What is there in a name?" cried both Solon and Levi, at once, who could not see why their cognomen should not be as attractive as Magdellena's.

"There is this in it," replied Lefevre. "A family of Ghennefavers formerly gained great reputation in the musical world, and if Magdellena is supposed their descendant, it may give her greater celebrity than the rest of you."

"Why can we not call ourselves the Ghennefaver family?" said Solon.

"That was what I was thinking," said Lefevre.

It was soon settled that this plan should be adopted, and they tried to conduct in accordance with their newly assumed relation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAVELLERS.

"My narratives, or pictures, must be but a few, selected from among a multitude. My chapter would extend to a greater length than any old novel, if I were to give all I possess."

H. MARTINEAU.

"Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, every where,
Like thought's mysterious birth."

WILLIS'S "ANNOYER."

ON the 17th of November, 1839, the Emerald reached her destined port, and our travellers were introduced to the London of America.

Being now more immediately under Montagno's supervision, they were well supplied with every comfort, and began to feel, that though the commencement of the road to wealth had been thus rugged, they were now on the highway, and should

travel it with ease, till they reached the summit of their wishes.

"Upon my word, that's a fine looking Dutch girl," said Monroe, Montagno's confidential clerk, as Magdellena entered the store, one morning, to select a dress.

"That's one of my singers," said Montagno.

"So I supposed," said Monroe, "from her speaking in a foreign language."

"That's the worst of it," said Montagno. "There is not one among them that can speak a word of English; and though they can do very well in the city, where they can be accommodated at a French boarding-house, yet I am a little troubled about their success, when I come to send them about the country.

"Could you not teach them some phrases, such as they find necessary for use, at concerts, and on other occasions; such as, to thank the audience for their attention, and give any notices which they might wish?"

"That would be a good idea," replied Montagno, scratching his head thought-

fully; "and I don't know a better person to do that than yourself. There is no one in the store so well acquainted with the different languages."

Montagno knew, that if he could get Monroe interested in their welfare, it would be a great benefit to them, not only on account of his intelligence and knowledge of human nature, but because he had always been accustomed to the first society, and would in some measure mould their habits.

"I'll do that with pleasure," said Monroe; and on a convenient occasion he took the opportunity to become acquainted with the foreigners.

The novelty of their appearance, and the sweet wildness of their harmony, drew crowds of the citizens to the rich musical treat, which was repeatedly afforded by the Ghennefaver family. And many a cool, calculating Knickerbocker, who understood Montagno's plan, shook his head sagaciously, as they beheld the increased patronage they received, and pronounced it more shrewd than a Yankee trick.

"It is time to send our minstrels abroad," said Montagno to Monroe, after they had sung with great success, for several months, in New York. "If they make their appearance too often in one place, it will soon be an old story with the public."

"That's very true," said Monroe. "How soon do they go?"

"I have not decided yet," replied Montagno, "because I can't get any suitable person to take the charge of them, unless you will go."

Monroe hesitated, but at length yielded to entreaty, and started with his musical family for Philadelphia. We will not attempt to follow them minutely, but keeping an eye upon their track, will notice whatever may be interesting to our readers.

Without stopping at Philadelphia, they departed for Harrisburg, by the railroad, in the midnight train. These children of the mountains were wholly unaccustomed to this magic way of travelling, and were much alarmed at the imposing aspect the sparks presented, which showed to such good advantage in the dead of night. So-

lon fearing that the train was on fire, thrust his head out of the window, but before he had time to philosophize upon the splendid sight, an impudent cinder saluted him on the nose, and in a very impressive manner assured him that all was safe, while he kept himself in his proper place. The involuntary scream that he uttered at the unceremonious visitor, startled all the drowsy passengers, who heartily enjoyed the merry scene.

The legislature of the state was in session, and it was deemed a favorable opportunity to exercise their vocal powers.

Large audiences crowded the ample halls, to witness their singular dress, and enjoy the rich treat their music afforded.

At the same place where they boarded, were many gentlemen of distinction, who were greatly pleased with Magdellena. She was here as frank and independent as ever, and soon found herself the favorite of the family. In one instance, the attractions of our heroine excited a deeper interest than a passing admiration. The narration of it is necessarily connected with the progress of my tale.

"You are in love, Clark, with that Alpine beauty. Come, confess; it is of no use to attempt to conceal your attachment, when it is so evident to all," said a young man, who had some time before doubled his joys and sorrows, and was quite willing to jest his worthy friend, who was fast approaching the desperate age of bachelorhood, without yet having yielded to the attractions of any of the belles that flitted before him like so many butterflies in a summer's day.

They were walking in a secluded place, and Clark, who really, for the first time in his life, had lost his heart, felt disposed to communicate, in sober earnest, with his jocose companion.

"Yes, Dodge, I suppose I must allow that I do like the girl."

"Well, what do you propose to do? You surely do not think she will make you a proper wife? She has not been educated like yourself, and your aristocratic blood, I suppose, could never be allied with one, who could not boast of as noble origin."

"Intend to do? I surely do mean to

marry her, if it is a possible thing. Has not been educated! What do I care for the want of an education, where the girl, all her life, has learned of nature, an old-fashioned term, of which I should think our artificial belles had never heard!"

"Oh, well, I see you are in earnest, so I will trifle with you no longer. She really is a charming girl, and I wish you success in winning the fair damsel's heart. Good evening. Let me know the result, as soon as your fate is decided."

Clark was now left alone, to retrace his solitary way to his boarding house. All thoughts of his legislative duties vanished, and he mused of nothing, save how to make known his passion to Magdellena.

The family had assembled at the tea-table, before Clark reached the hotel. But his appetite was very poor, and he nearly scalded himself, in attempting to drink his tea, so deeply was he abstracted.

"This is a pleasant evening, Miss Ghennefaver," said he, as he advanced towards her, after supper, making a low bow. His heart almost failed him, as he uttered

these words, but "now or never," seemed to be whispered in his ears, by some invisible agent—no doubt it was Cupid—and he summoned up resolution to propose a walk. But unfortunately, she had no inclination for walking. He next attempted to address her by writing. But here a new difficulty arose. How could he make her understand his meaning? He concluded, however, if unable to see her alone, to address her a note, written in the simplest style.

Magdellena was sitting with her brothers and sister, together with Monroe, who was every day growing more and more attached to our heroine, who was such an apt scholar under his instructions, when this note was handed her by the waiter. She had ever, till this morning, treated any one who rendered her a favor with affection, and Monroe had shared the same expression of gratitude that others received, who had rendered similar kindnesses; she never thinking, that it might be the means of leading to a more endearing connection. In fact, marriage was a thing of which she had hardly begun to think, regarding her-

self, as she was, but a child, and looking up to Monroe rather as a superior, than as one to whom she might ever be allied.

On the reception of the note, she broke it open in the presence of all the company, not suspecting any thing unusual, and commenced spelling it out. Being less able to read than to speak our language, she referred the note to Monroe, who, greatly amused at the contents, replied, that he would take it and translate it into German, if she would allow him. As soon as opportunity occurred, he read the note to the bewildered girl.

Poor Magdellena! She blushed at receiving such a request, and was also overpowered with mortification, that she should have given it to Monroe to interpret. How to extricate herself from her present difficulty she did not know, but determined to reject the suit. She was not long in coming to a decision, in what way to make known her determination. She accordingly went to the landlady, and asked her to tell Mr. Clark, "she could not receive any more letters from him. She did not *understand* English."

"You will not succeed, Mr. Clark," said the faithful landlady, as her boarder entered, a short time before dinner, looking as though he had lost all his friends, and was fast going to follow them.

"What do you mean?" he replied, trying to affect gaiety and unconcern.

"It wont do to try to win a fair lady, when her heart is obviously in possession of another swain."

"Ahem! You seem to be driving at something, Mrs. Cross, pray let us have it."

"Oh, nothing in particular, only I wanted to deliver the message which I promised."

She then repeated the substance of Magdellena's answer, concluding with her frequent reply to intruders, "I can't understand English."

Upon this latter clause, Mrs. Cross began to enlarge. "I conclude that Monroe was the first person who read that letter. However," she added, as she saw it did not seem to suit the rejected lover very well, "it did no harm, I presume, for she is undoubtedly pledged to him, and they will soon be both one."

The next evening, the disappointed Clark, meeting Magdellena in the hall, stopped, determined to have one personal interview.

"I was not aware, Miss Ghennefaver, that your affections were engaged; if I had been, I should never have troubled you with my note."

"I engaged? I love any body for my husband, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Who told you so?"

"Mrs. Cross."

"Who did she say I love?"

"Monroe."

With a scornful air Magdellena turned around, prepared to leave him abruptly; but stopping, she, with the utmost dignity, and with that expressive choice of words, which is not altogether peculiar to foreigners, replied, "It is a lie! I will love no one but my parents."

It was now Monroe's turn to feel her neglect. She had never thought of Monroe as her husband, until this moment, and the revulsion of feeling which this an-

nouncement caused, led to feelings of almost positive hatred towards the gentleman, who had been of such essential service to her, and without whose assistance, even now, she found it very difficult to converse with Americans. She could not bear to be in his presence, and when she was walking the streets with her musical companions, if he joined them, she would return to the house.

Such marked neglect, from any of the fair sex, is as much as a man can endure, who has any respect for the sex, at all. But to be shunned in this way causelessly, by the acknowledged belle whom he had most faithfully served, though he did not know that he loved her, was almost intolerable. He attempted to ask an explanation, to see if he had offended her; but it was in vain. She did not choose to give him an opportunity to say as many words, alone.

Clark could now look up with more ease; for he saw that Monroe met with no better reception than himself.

But it was impossible for Magdellena to

exclude herself entirely from Monroe's society. Through him all their appointments were made, and occasions were constantly occurring when his aid was needed. And then, in the presence of others, she treated him civilly, but with the utmost distance.

From Harrisburg, they next visited Carlisle. The same applause which greeted them at first, followed them to York, Columbia and Baltimore.

The following extract from the Baltimore Post, may not be uninteresting to our readers, as it shows with what applause they were received in that city.

"THE GHENNEFAVER FAMILY.—Having seen those minstrels announced to commence an engagement at the Museum, in passing, on Monday evening, we stepped in for a moment, expecting to find one of the many humbugs that have so often been thrust before the public, but we were agreeably disappointed. The Ghennefaver family consists of two brothers and two sisters; the name is somewhat familiar to the musical world of Europe, their parents having gained a great reputation there, particularly in England.

The Soprano voice is clear, full and melodious. The Contralto, rich and powerful. The Tenor is manly and agreeable. The Bass, so deep, so musical, that it comes upon the soul with the effect of true sublimity, and whether thundering out its volume of sound, or bursting suddenly upon the ear, like the blast of some wild instrument—it fills the mind with emotions of astonishment and admiration. Their various voices harmonize delightfully. No one endeavors to display itself above the rest. Their melodies breathe all that sweetness and mildness peculiar to German music; and the effect is not a little heightened by the picturesque grace of their national costume, the simplicity of manner, and the total absence of all effort in their style of singing. It is well to mention, for the sake of those, who, to beauty of sound, prefer that of form and feature, that the two female faces are singularly pleasing, and that the men have a careless step and lofty bearing, which reminds one that their home is in the mountain land."

While at Baltimore, Magdellena became more reconciled to Monroe's society; and before they left the city, she had not only

walked out several times with her companions, when Monroe was in their company, but accompanied him several times, *alone*, to the different places of interest, which she had curiosity to behold.

Our readers may suppose, when this announcement is made, that the affair was now settled, in the same way that most lover's quarrels are adjusted, by pledging heart and hand to each other.

But it was not so. The reconciliation was effected by degrees. There was no affecting scene, as in romance, but a gradual giving up of her foolish notions, on the part of Magdellena, and an insidious advance on the part of Monroe, who had never thought of marrying her, till he had been so terribly excluded from her society. He then had time for reflection, and on finding the true state of his affections, felt that he must quit her society, or crush the rising emotion; for his aristocratic family could never consent to his union with one, whose birth and education were inferior to his own.

Thus reasoned our hero, with almost as

much philosophy as Renard, when unable to reach the prize he coveted.

Having each of them thus formed a determination never to think of being any more nearly connected, they seemed to feel perfectly safe.

Magdellena treated Monroe civilly, as she would any one, to whom she was under great obligations, and he treated her as he would any other lady, with whom he was every day associated, and whose charms and conduct were such as to excite his admiration and respect. Both firmly believed there was a distinction between friendship and love, and each determined to exercise the former, and forever shun the latter.

After remaining ten days at Baltimore, they left for Washington, where they met with their usual success.

"Come, Magdellena," said Monroe, one fine morning, during their stay at the seat of government—"I have a letter of introduction to the President. What do you say to putting on your costume, and making your best courtesy to his excellency?"

Magdellena raised her head quickly fro her writing, in which she was intent occupied.

"What do you say?"

"Would you not like to go to the Whi House? You may never have anoth opportunity."

Not thinking she might feel somewh abashed at the sight of so much grandeu and feeling, at this moment, some of tl curiosity peculiar to her sex, she consent to go, after finishing her letter. But she advanced to the steps of the augu mansion, her courage failed, and she wou have given worlds had not Monroe alreac rung; for she felt she could never ent the presence of the President.

But her rustic bashfulness all forso her, as the President took her kindly l the hand, and welcomed her to this cou try.

Shortly after being presented at o American Court, our minstrels left f Alexandria. Here Cupid again sent h messengers, to annoy the petted child.

"Do come," said Solon to Monroe, o

day, after he had been there a week, "and see what fool is troubling Magdellena."

Monroe instantly followed him, as he requested; for he felt as much interested in relieving our heroine from all redundant lovers, as did Solon, who apparently could see no reason why *his* attentions should not be as well received as those of other suitors. On entering the parlor, he found her seated upon the sofa, looking more nearly provoked than he had ever seen her; while at her side sat the object of her displeasure, a German of no prepossessing appearance, though a man of wealth, declaring his affection for her. The presence of Monroe did not seem much to daunt him, as he supposed him ignorant of the language in which he spoke. Magdellena, however, knowing it was all intelligible to Monroe, though ignorant of Solon's requesting his appearance, blushed deeply, and, making some excuse, left the room. After tea, Monroe felt quite disposed to rally Magdellena upon her good offer.

"I suppose you will go to Germany soon," said he.

"I hope I shall before long," she replied.

"Shall you be married before you go?" he continued, quizzingly.

"Not unless I marry some half dozen to get rid of them."

The German now entered, as if determined to try his suit again.

"Oh, there he comes," said Monroe, "I'll resign my seat to the man of your choice."

Magdellena gave him a look that almost made his ears tingle by way of anticipation. The next day the German began to speak with Solon, in reference to an alliance with his supposed sister. Solon knowing, by experience, the difficulty of getting free from a rival by positive prohibition, wisely concealed his vexation, and referred him to Monroe, who, he intimated, was so much enamored with her, that he would stand but little chance of success, while she was so much under his influence. This so much exasperated the German, that he followed Monroe about town with pistols in his pockets, swearing he would have his heart's blood—which, however, he did not succeed in shedding.

Their stay in Alexandria was somewhat protracted, as that musical people were delighted with their wild, mountain airs and melodious voices.

From thence, they proceeded farther south; and the genial climate, or some other influence, somewhat softened Magdellena's heart, and she seemed to take more pleasure in Monroe's society.

After finishing their southern tour, they returned to New York, early in Feb., 18—.

For several incidents respecting their second stay in that city, we will refer our readers to a letter relating to them, written by a friend of Monroe to a lady in Baltimore, who was, indeed, none other than Ellen Fulton, to whom he was attached.

"NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 18—.

DEAR ELLEN:—I promised to give you some insight into my mode of life, and what was occurring by way of news. You know that we clerks, who, early and late, I mean till late supper time, are confined to the dull drudgery of store-keeping, subsist mostly on fanciful food, news, castle-building, and the like. And why

should we not? We work so hard that we could never endure the prospect before us, if we could not indulge in blissful anticipations of the future.

We have now an entertainment, which I think will amuse one of our clerks for life.

You have heard me speak in enthusiastic strains of the Ghennefaver family; and in my last, I was mourning their absence from the city. I have now the joyful privilege to inform you, that yesterday we saw them safe back again, to the great delight of the lovers of good music. Monroe is fairly "in for it." There he comes now, with a summons for me; so I must leave this letter till another opportunity.

April 18.

I have, this morning, been looking over the hasty scrawl I attempted to write, a few days ago. If it will do you any good to have it, I will add what I now have to say, to the valuable document.

Went last night to hear the Ghennefavers sing. The charming Magdellena looked more lovely than ever, and her voice contrasted finely with the others, thus manifesting its superior melody.

Monroe does like her, in spite of himself. So you may consider it a dead set, as far as you are concerned! I do not think he could see any beauty in you, now, since he has become so enamored with Magdellena! There is no hope for you, unless you come to the city immediately, and put on all your charms; or unless you will relent in your cruelty to me!

Mind, if you do come, do not attempt to sing in his presence, for then you will necessarily fail.

The other day, as we were returning from making them a call, I told him he was not master of his own affections. He assured me most solemnly, that she would never be his wife. I then asked him if he had tried his suit. You know he is a frank fellow, and so you will believe me when I relate our conversation.

"I 'll tell you what, George," said he, "I have loved that girl most sincerely, but it 's all over now; and though I still like her, I can walk the streets feeling that my heart 's my own."

"How did you get out of the slough, so comfortably, without committing suicide? Has she refused you, and so alarmed your pride?"

"Not exactly; but the little creature has no

idea of being courted. I think she must have some mountain swain, to whom her youthful affections are pledged."

"You don't think her engaged?"

"No; but I have many times hinted that I should like her for a companion, and she does not seem to be at all moved. I think she steels her heart against me, because I am a heretic; so you see it is all settled that I shall never marry her."

But strange to say, I did not think so. Perhaps, Ellen, you will say I am smitten with the Tyrolese beauty, myself. Well, have it just as you like.

This morning Monroe came to the store quite flushed and angry. I asked him what had raised his temperature to such a pitch. It seems he thought Magdellena had been injured in some way. This was more than he could bear. So you see his affections are forever engaged. A pretty girl abused, is more than a *sound* man can stand. Surely, then, Monroe will fall before the pretty Magdellena's artillery of charms. You mark my words, if he does not, I shall; that is, if you do not relent! Good bye for this time. Your affectionate

GEORGE LACY."

From New York, they started for Albany, and Troy, spending several weeks in the two cities, and then visited Utica.

"Oh, that Monroe!" said Solon, walking across his room, in which Levi and Miriam were seated.

"What has happened now?" said Levi.

Solon was so angry that he could hardly make himself intelligible, and Miriam explained the cause of his great wrath. It seems that he had proposed to Magdellena to accompany him out, to view the town, but she had refused his invitation, and gone to ride with Monroe.

"They 'll certainly make a match of it," said Levi; "and how can we prevent it?"

"It will be as disadvantageous to Montagno as to ourselves," said Miriam;" for if she marries Monroe, she will never sing any more: so it is evident that his intentions would be very displeasing to him."

It was finally agreed that Montagno should be informed of it; and after having, as they supposed, taken such effective measures to prevent their union, they were much more at ease. But what was Solon's

chagrin, to receive in reply to his letter, a request to "mind his own business."

When this reply, so mortifying to Solon, was received, he laid it carefully aside, as he supposed, intending it should be forever concealed from Monroe. But unfortunately, Solon one day being rather unwell, requested Magdellena to get some waste paper, in which to wrap a phial that he wished Monroe to take to the apothecary's. Telling Magdellena where to go, she mistook the drawer, and took up this very letter for a wrapper.

As Monroe took out the phial from the paper, he noticed it was Montagno's handwriting. Curiosity led him to read it, and he was thus in possession of a secret which Solon would have been glad to have kept concealed from him.

"You have had a little more business than you could manage, lately," said Monroe, as he returned with the medicine. "Your sickness, no doubt, results from over-exertion. And if you should employ me as physician, I would give you the same advice that Montagno has done."

The detected trio looked at each other with astonishment. Magdellena not being present, Monroe said no more, and left them to their own cogitations, enjoying their confusion very much.

After he had absented himself from them, a consultation was held. It was finally thought, on all hands, that Magdellena had seen the letter when it was received, and had clandestinely conveyed it to Monroe. Miriam took upon herself the task of making known their displeasure.

Magdellena was sitting in the parlor by the window, deeply engaged in conversation with Monroe, who was practically teaching her the English language! She had been endeavoring to relate some amusing occurrence, according to his request, in English. She succeeded very well, until she had about half finished her story, when, mistaking the word she should have used for one which sounded quite similar, Monroe burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the distorted meaning her words conveyed.

At this moment Miriam came in sight.

She was greatly vexed to find Monroe with Magdellena; for it prevented her from giving vent to her feelings; and the sight of their happy faces but ill accorded with her own excited feelings.

"Solon wants to see you," said she at length, after having waited some seconds in awkward silence, not knowing what to say.

"Is he in a hurry?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll come in a minute."

"If you will come back again, Magdellena," said Monroe, "I will show you some fine engravings."

The promise was given, and she hurried forward to receive the reprimand which had some time been preparing for our innocent heroine.

Monroe waited for her return with the utmost patience, till, astonished at the length of her absence, he determined to ascertain the cause.

As he entered the passage-way that led to the door, he found Magdellena standing, her back towards him—the door into their room being shut.

"Ah, Magdellena," said he, "I was quite tired, waiting for you to return, and have come——but what in the world is the matter?" he exclaimed, as he advanced towards her, and found her in tears.

But Magdellena's heart was too full for utterance; and sobbing outright, she glided past him to her own room, there to give vent to her feelings.

"Oh my parents!" said she, "were it not for you, I would not for one day, no, not for one hour, remain here!"

Monroe had seen enough to divine the cause. He accordingly took advantage of Magdellena's present distress, to give them some salutary cautions respecting their future plans.

From Utica they next proceeded to Rome and Syracuse. Magdellena had now become so accustomed to being taken to visit the curiosities at each place, that she began to expect it as a matter of course.

"I have been all this morning expecting an invitation to see the town," said she at dinner.

"You must excuse me, Magdellena; I

have been so busy, that it has been impossible to attend to it to-day."

"Ah, well," said she, with a dignified air, "I can go out by myself."

Monroe was not a little flattered at the unintentional compliment which this seemed to convey; and rather rejoiced, that an opportunity had occurred, in which she could voluntarily show her pleasure in being thus gallanted by himself.

At Rochester, their protracted stay gave them ample time for walking, riding, or amusing themselves in any way they chose.

Crowded houses greeted the foreign minstrels; and the rapturous applause which was every day bestowed upon the charming Magdellena, did not serve to lessen the attachment which Monroe had already conceived for her. And they were both of them *love blind*, or they would have seen, that the many walks they took, away from the busy haunts of men, spoke of regard for each other alone. But though Monroe knew he liked Magdellena, and would marry her if he could, he supposed

himself master of his affections; and because it was not probable she would ever consent to a union with a Protestant, he contented himself with thinking that he was encouraging only friendship for her.

But it would not be strange that a professed musician, like Solon, who intended to make his fortune by his favorite science, should have some fancy for a young and beautiful girl, who, aside from all her other charming characteristics, was the sweetest songstress of her native land. And it would not be strange if Magdellena had been rendered quite unhappy from the displeasure that Solon manifested, at the apparent success of his rival.

They next proceeded to Buffalo. Here Monroe unexpectedly met a friend, who had several acquaintances in the place, and among them some young ladies, who were, in his eyes, uncommonly prepossessing.

"Come," said he to Monroe, "this day is too bright to be lost. I'll charter a fine boat, and bring plenty of interesting company, and you must take your minstrels, and join us in an excursion."

The plan was no sooner mentioned, than it seemed to meet with universal approbation. The sky never looked clearer, nor could the wind blow fairer, than it did when this joyful party sailed from the shore.

Every one who is accustomed to the lakes, knows that very slight warning is given to the marine travellers, before they find themselves overtaken by a gale. It was so in the present instance.

While engaged in listening to the melody, which, upon the water, sounded sweeter than ever, a dark cloud appeared, and soon the roar of thunder, overpowering the rich bass of Solon's voice, added sublimity to the scene, which was before enchanting. They were now on the open lake; and soon the perilous rocking of their frail boat stopped their mirth, and laid them prostrate, some vomiting, and others deploring their unhappy fate—for loss of life seemed almost inevitable.

After tossing about several hours, with the prospect of an untimely death staring them in the face, they at length reached

the shore, from which they had started so merrily in the morning.

Magdellena, in her terror, clung instinctively to Monroe, as one who could protect her from the dangers of the storm. And her trust in him, at such an hour, led him to suspect that, after all, she might be won. No opportunity occurred, however, for some time, to speak of his awakened hopes.

At Niagara Falls, they were received with the enthusiasm which we should expect, when we remember that their wild airs were so much in accordance with the face of Nature around them. It could not be otherwise, than that these lovers of music should also be lovers of Nature's harmony; and it almost gave them new vigor, as they gazed upon the grand and sublime cataract, and thought of the many wild haunts among their own mountains and valleys, of which this reminded them. While standing one day upon the bridge, whence they almost feared to look, lest their heads should become giddy, and they should fall into the abyss below, one of their party

was missing. "Where is Magdellena?" cried Solon, turning pale; for a moment before she stood by their side. Monroe and the rest of the party now started from their reverie, and feared to look into the waters, lest they should see her struggling in the waves, where rescue was hopeless. But no traces of the lost one appeared, and consternation chained them to the spot. With feelings of anguish almost bordering upon desperation, they again cast an eye upon the dark waters, to see if they could discover any unusual agitation, which should betray them as the perpetrators of this work of destruction. But while meditating upon what course to pursue, they caught a glimpse of her in the distance, and soon overtook the object of their fears, rambling carelessly among the wild flowers upon the bank of the island, utterly unconscious of the distress she had caused. Had Solon or Monroe doubted their own feelings towards her before, they could do so no longer.

Leaving the Falls for Lewiston, by the steamer Victoria, it was now Levi's turn

to awaken their anxiety. All hands were on board, and every one ready to set forward, when he was missed. Magdellena entreated the captain, most imploringly, to wait for her brother; which he did, spending some time in fruitless search. She could not ask him to remain any longer, and consequently they started without discovering his hiding place. But after having given him up for lost, they found him sitting in the stern of the vessel, quietly smoking.

Before they reached Toronto, Solon again made himself quite unhappy because he could make no more impression upon Magdellena's affections. And taking Monroe aside, informed him, for the first time, that they were not brothers and sisters, and that Magdellena's parents were very poor. Monroe understood this information as a hint that Magdellena would not be a proper companion for himself.

While Monroe was debating with himself what reply to make to his impertinent informer, they were startled by the cry, "The steamboat is on fire!"

"Oh dear!" said Solon, "we shall all be burnt at last; and that is what will become of our fine prospects."

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said Monroe; "'tis not every one that gets his deserts."

The fire was soon subdued, with no material injury to any one.

At Saratoga, they spent a week, on their return, to the great gratification of the admiring crowd which resort thither during the summer months. From thence they proceeded homeward to New York, stopping for a short time only, at some of the places they had before visited. And if they had not sufficiently admired the varied and beautiful prospect, when sailing up the North River, they now made ample amends for the deficiency. Perhaps it was because they were returning to the only place which they regarded as home, in this country, that they now had a keener eye for the beauties of the scenery. So true is it, that thoughts of home give a lustre and charm to every object which you view, while under these delightful influences.

Their stay in New York was of short duration. After giving one or two concerts, they made their debut in New England. After visiting New Haven, Hartford, and other towns on the route, in which no incident worthy of note occurred, they at length reached Boston, on the 10th of September, as we have before mentioned, where they were first introduced to our readers.

CHAPTER IX.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

"All thy vexations
Were but trials of thy love."
SHAKSPEARE.

It was about dusk, when a servant rung at the door of a splendid mansion in Bond Street, New York, and left a letter, with this singular inscription—"For Mr. Monroe, Sen'r."

James Monroe was out, at the time it was left, but returned soon, in company with his father, to whom the letter was handed. Mr. Monroe retired immediately to his study, to peruse it, and James joined his sister in the parlor, where some young friends were seated, who had been spending the day with the young bride.

"I shall not be down to tea, Sophia," said her father, as his daughter entered his

room on an errand. "I have no appetite. Tell James I should like to see him before he retires."

Sophia did as she was directed, and James, who had a strange presentiment of something wrong, wished heartily for the hours to fly more swiftly, that he might be relieved from suspense; and he tried in vain to appear gay in the present company.

The clock had no sooner struck nine, than James hurried to his father's study, with mingled emotions.

"Come in," said a low voice, in answer to his rap.

This room he had always been accustomed to enter with delight, even from his childhood; but now, that large library, which graced one side of the ample room, bound with such neatness and uniformity, and the pictures of worthies, both divines and scientific men, which hung with so much dignity opposite, as if to point out the means by which they obtained their eminence, were now no longer objects of interest. The chair before the writing

desk, in which he was wont to see his father seated, was deserted of its usual occupant, and a stand beside the bed supported an astral, the soft light of which displayed the person of his father, who was lying down, apparently reading, when his son entered.

James seated himself, as he was requested.

"There is a letter which somewhat concerns you, my son," said his father, pointing to the one we have mentioned, and which lay on the stand beside him.

James took the letter with a tremulous hand, and read as follows:

"BOSTON, JAN. 7, 18—.

SIR:—Your son, who passed some time with us, by the direction of our friends in New York, succeeded in winning the affections of our sister, with whom he intends to be married. He has obtained her consent. Marriages are not things to be hastily made. Much of the happiness of *either* party is dependent on various qualifications. As this is a truth well known, we need not discuss it at length. We would, however, make so bold as to ask you, if

you are satisfied that your son should marry our sister, who has come to this country to earn a livelihood by her vocal powers. We know well it would meet with many objections from the world at large; and we believe that you must be ignorant of your son's intention. Her parents could never consent to it. One of the greatest difficulties that exist, is the difference of their creeds. Your son, it is true, appears to be favorably inclined towards the Catholic Church. God alone judges the interior; but as far as we can judge, we might express an opinion—which is, that his feelings are unknown to you.

Write, on the receipt of this, when we will communicate more fully with you.

Yours respectfully,

GHENNEFAVER FAMILY."

It was signed with ink of another color, and in a different hand, and this postscript was added:

"Wreat so sun you kan a letter pak to us."

James glanced his eye over the top while he was reading, to observe his father's countenance; but he found the old gentle-

man eyeing him intently, and he accordingly proceeded to conclude its perusal.

"Well, what have you to say to that, my son?" said his father, as he laid it down.

"Nothing," replied James. "It is all true. I am much obliged to them for informing you; for I have been trying to make up a mouth to do it, these six weeks, but did not know how to begin."

"Have you sufficiently weighed the subject?"

"I think so; but if I have not, my affections are too warmly engaged to think of a retreat."

The old gentleman sighed. He well knew the impetuous ardor of youthful feelings, and the danger that attended disappointed affection; and he accordingly had the wisdom not directly to oppose it.

After talking over the subject calmly upon both sides, James asked his father to give him some testimonial of his concurrence, so that the Ghennefavers could not by representing his father's opposition, prevent the priest from marrying him.

With this request his father complied, somewhat in the following manner, in a letter directed to the Bishop of Boston:

"NEW YORK, JAN. 18—.

SIR:—This is to certify, that I do not interfere with my son's marriage, as I think he is old and wise enough to choose for himself.

Yours with respect,

J. MONROE, Sen'r."

James thanked his father for his kindness in his behalf, when he knew that he was distressed at the step he was taking; but there was one whom he loved better than father and mother, and her he could not resign.

That night he could not sleep; or if he did, it was but to dream that some one was seizing the object of his love, and forever bearing her beyond his reach. The result of his dreams, and waking cogitations, assumed the form of a resolve, which was, to procure letters from Montagno and the Priest of St. Mary's Church, to the Bishop, and start the next morning for

Boston; and after presenting them, so as to secure his concurrence, to bring Magdellena with him to New York, and by an immediate marriage, forever settle the question that she should be his.

Full of his romantic scheme, Monroe visited Montagno and the Priest, at an early hour, and after obtaining the desired papers, was returning to his father's, when he encountered George Lacy, a jocose friend, who, notwithstanding his levity, possessed a large share of kindness, which very much endeared him to his associates.

"Whither now are you bound?" said he, as James touched his beaver, and was intending to pass onward, without the delay of any other salutation.

"Urgent business," said Monroe; and was proceeding, when his friend stopped him.

"I hear you are going to get married, James."

"If you will walk home with me, I'll talk with you about it," said James; "that is the very business which makes me in such haste."

"So I've had an idea," replied George. "I accidentally obtained some clue to the plot that was laid, and have come to render you any assistance in my power."

"You are very kind," said Monroe, "but I hardly know what you can do. If you had seen me last night, when I was summoned to appear before the old gentleman, and explain this curious letter," said he, handing it to him, "you would have thought there was need of some commiseration."

George read the letter attentively, and shook his head. "This plot extends beyond the Ghennefavers," said he; "depend upon it. They never wrote any thing but the postscript, and I'll lay one gold watch that another lover concocted this, with whom the Ghennefavers are pleased."

"It is very plain to me, that they did not do it alone," said Monroe.

"I'll tell you what it is," said George, after walking with his hands in his pockets, at a very measured pace, for a short distance, "I have a good idea. You say you have obtained a written consent from your father?"

"Yes."

"But the old gentlemen did not like it, did he?"

"Not exactly—that's a fact," said Monroe, who now explained his intentions in going on to Boston, all of which we have mentioned to our readers.

"Well, very well, that's all very good; it furthers my plan nicely. Go and get ready for your expedition, and I'll meet you at the boat, with matters all arranged, precisely at four."

James reached the wharf, where George stood waiting, as he had promised.

"Here," said he, "is a letter that I have written to Solon, in which I have represented your father as very much opposed to your marriage, and encouraged him to proceed, for it is not probable your father will ever consent. You know," said he, by way of palliation to the seeming falsehood, "that your father does not like it; and after having once given his consent, it is not likely he will have occasion to do it again. And receiving such a letter from one whom he thinks was authorised to express your

father's sentiments, he may begin to be rather remiss in his watchfulness, and thus give you time to steal a march upon him."

Monroe hesitated at first; but afterwards he reflected, that it was not a positive lie, and it would be such an advantage to himself, besides a good joke upon Solon, that he would allow the letter to be sent by the mail, which would reach Boston at the same time that he arrived himself.

Bidding George an affectionate good evening, James now seated himself in the saloon, and attempted to read a newspaper; but unfortunately he found, after gazing at it for some time, in a vacant manner, that he had no inclination to read any thing but the marriages and deaths.

Though the boat was propelled by such magic power, yet it did not sail with the speed he could wish. And the hours would probably have been double their usual length, had not his vigils, the night before, somewhat stupified him, and given him a keen relish for such sleep as may be obtained amid the bustle and whims of a hundred persons, by whom you are

necessarily annoyed, on board a steamboat. As it usually happens, when a lover becomes desperate, the elements seemed to express their opposition to his success, by spreading a dense fog over the Sound, so that the boat was delayed eight or ten hours beyond the usual time.

Who, that is deeply in love, would not, under such circumstances, see images of their fair one, greeting them in the dim distance, as they strained their eyes to discern some object before them?

At two o'clock the next afternoon, Monroe reached Boston, when he instantly repaired to the United States Hotel; and calling for pen, paper, &c., he addressed a note to Mr. Fulton, requesting him to come there immediately—but cautioning him not to inquire for him, but to enter, at once, the reading room, where he would meet him; and thus, if his name was not spoken there, he possibly might not be discovered and betrayed to the Ghennefavers.

Mr. Fulton did as he was desired; and as Monroe's arrival occurred on the afternoon of the same day that the Ghenne-

favers had removed from his house, for the alleged reason, that he exerted an influence favorable to the dreaded union, Monroe returned with him, with less fear than he had before done, in his clandestine visits.

After reaching Mr. Fulton's, Monroe watched his opportunity, and stole quietly to his room, so as not to be observed by any of the family; for his presence at this juncture was a secret too important to be entrusted to many. He was accordingly condemned to become a voluntary prisoner, or run the risk of losing the being to whom his warmest affections were pledged.

The next morning, accompanied by a friend, he ventured as far as the Bishop's, in a close carriage, which he thought would secure him from observation, where we will leave him, while we notice some events, which are necessary to a better understanding of the narrative.

The day but one previous to the reception of the letter, by Monroe's father, which explained the intentions of his son, James had sent the following letter to Mr. Fulton:

"NEW YORK, JAN. —, 18—.

S. M. FULTON, Esq.

Compelled, by Bancroft's leaving your city, to seek some other channel, through which to correspond with Magdellena, I have taken the liberty to enclose you a letter for her, which you will do me the kindness to *deliver privately*. I should not have ventured thus, were I not fully aware of your friendship for Magdellena and myself.

Lest it should prove detrimental to your interests, I have to request, that you will only do me the favor to deliver my letter to Magdellena, and write for her the address for mine, which I give you below, as her family might, by accident, discover her hand-writing.

When I write again to her, I will direct my letters to Miss Maria Smith, to your care, and you will know to whom to deliver them; and whenever an opportunity presents, I will gratefully reciprocate the favor.

Fearing that Bancroft left Boston before my last letter arrived, will you have the kindness to inquire at the post office for a letter for C. S. Bancroft. In case you receive it, please hand it to Magdellena, who will give you two letters enclosed therein for Europe, which you

will please forward by the first steam packet for Liverpool.

You will perceive the necessity of preserving the strictest secresy in this business, as an exposure will lead to a derangement of our plans.

With respects to your lady, I remain yours,

J. MONROE."

Though Mr. Fulton had been charged with aiding and abetting this clandestine match, our readers will now perceive, that till after the Ghennefavers had left, he had little or nothing to do with it, save to conceal all that was communicated to him.

Magdellena having just received the letter mentioned above, and ignorant of the plan to prevent her union with Monroe, by obtaining some expression of disapproval from Monroe's father, which would prevent the Bishop from giving her away in marriage, did not expect either to see Monroe or hear from him, till after she had answered the letter she had just received. Much less did she expect, that he was now actually in Boston, and waiting only a favorable opportunity to meet her.

But, as it almost always happens in romance, Magdellena called this morning to consult the Bishop upon some points; where she was sitting, in conversation with him, when the carriage, which contained Monroe and his friend, appeared.

Monroe wisely concluding it would be imprudent for him to alight immediately, without knowing if the Bishop was alone—for he thought that Solon or Levi might possibly be there—requested Fenno to enter first, and see that all was safe.

Fenno had no sooner been ushered into the parlor, than, to his astonishment, he beheld Magdellena. His surprise was so great, on observing her, knowing, as he did, the pleasing news which he had to convey to her, that he found it difficult to appear as cool as it would have been desirable on the occasion, and in a hurried manner informed Magdellena that some one in the carriage would like to see her.

Hope and fear now agitated her. Perhaps it was Monroe, she thought at first; or perhaps, said she to herself, it may be a plot to decoy me into the carriage, and

then convey me away from Monroe's reach. Trembling with doubt and suspense, she proceeded to the door; and while deliberating whether or not to enter the carriage, Monroe, who had been slyly peeping through the window, discovered himself to Magdellena, who of course had now no hesitancy in entering the same vehicle which contained a persecuted lover.

Monroe and Magdellena entered the house together; and Monroe lost no time in producing the letters of Montagno, his father, and the Priest. This arrangement had the desired effect, and the Bishop promised them his concurrence.

We will here inform our readers, who perhaps may not be acquainted with the rules of the Catholic Church, that the Bishop has power to give away any young lady in marriage, provided he chooses so to do, if she is away from her parents.

After having obtained the necessary approval, it was useless, nay, dangerous, to remain any longer, as other visitors might be ushered in, who would reveal the fact that he was here. Accordingly Monroe,

after having received a promise from Magdellena, that she would meet him shortly at Mr. Fulton's, returned in the same private way in which he had come.

It was fortunate for them both, that he took his leave as abruptly as he did, for he was no sooner out of sight, than Solon came, in great triumph, bringing the letter which George Lacy had written, expressive of his father's disapprobation. The Bishop received it without being in the least moved, as Monroe had already apprised him of the scope of it; and while he gently reproved Monroe for the deception, a smile of mingled benevolence and humor relaxed his usually grave countenance.

CHAPTER X.

THE BANNS.

"I have discussed the nuptial preliminaries so often, that I can repeat the forms in which jointures are settled, and pin money secured." BEN JOHNSON.

"Patience itself is one virtue, by which we are prepared for that state in which evil shall be no more."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

As Magdellena entered her new residence, after her clandestine interview with Monroe—for she deemed it wise to return before going to Mr. Fulton's, lest her long absence should lead to inquiry, and their plans be discovered—she was requested by Levi and Miriam to practise with them a new piece of music, which they intended to sing at the next concert.

Notwithstanding her endeavors to appear as though nothing unusual had occurred, she found her eye almost instinctively wandering to the time-piece, whose tiny

hands pointed first to the fleeting moments, and then to the hours which were gliding away rapidly, without any convenient opportunity occurring for her to make her escape. Song after song was added, and still there was no cessation. "Surely," said she to herself, "they have discovered my purpose, and commenced this extra session of practising to disconcert our plans."

Our readers can easily imagine, that her mind was not wholly absorbed in her music, at this trying time; nor will they be surprised that she now and then received a rebuke, for disregarding *C* sharp, or *B* flat.

Solon at length returned from his consultation with the Bishop; and was in no enviable mood, on finding himself hoaxed by George Lacy. Whether he supposed that Monroe was concealed somewhere in Boston, we cannot affirm, but he approved of the practising; and instead of his entrance bringing relief to Magdellena, it only lengthened the time, before she could fulfil her promise.

Monroe waited as patiently as the cir-

cumstances of the case would allow, in his solitary apartment, expecting every moment that her arrival would be announced. Not supposing she would find much difficulty in fulfilling her promise, unless the Ghennefavers had learned of his arrival, he had not prepared himself for such a long delay; and at the end of two hours, he found his patience quite exhausted.

After pacing the room to and fro, for some time, he determined to issue from his hiding place, let the consequences be what they might, and take some measures to ascertain the worst. As he entered the parlor, no one but Mr. Fulton was visible; and to him he communicated his fears. Something was deemed necessary to be done immediately; "for perhaps," thought he—imagination being ever busy on such occasions—"the Ghennefavers have learned that I am here, and are preparing to leave the city, without giving any warning how or when, and take Magdellena with them." But it was delicate business, and it would not answer for either Mr. Fulton or Monroe to go in per-

son, to ascertain the cause of her delay, as the plot would then be instantly discovered. It required a mutual friend; and Fenno was accordingly sent for, who gladly executed his commission.

When he entered, the Ghennefavers of course ceased their singing, out of respect to their friend, who occupied their time in friendly inquiries respecting their concerts, in which he felt a lively interest. They knowing this, supposed he was also with them, in their opposition to Magdellena's marriage, and consequently suspected nothing; when Magdellena, taking advantage of the recess which his entrance had given, appeared equipped for a walk.

While Fenno was gone, Monroe awaited anxiously the result in Mr. Fulton's parlor, not thinking, for the moment, of the possibility of his being discovered by any of the family, save Mr. and Mrs. Fulton. He had not been there long, however, before Mr. Thornton entered, which, at first, somewhat startled him. He requested him not to mention his arrival to any one, for the present at least, which led to an expla-

nation; and thus Mr. Thornton very innocently was made acquainted with a secret, of which, till a short time before, he had not had the least intimation.

"I expect I have seen the gentleman whom Magdellena is going to marry," said Mrs. Thornton, as she entered the little sitting room, where Mrs. Fulton and Juliana were seated. "There is a short gentleman in the parlor, conversing with my husband, who confesses himself to be the happy man."

"Well," said Mrs. Fulton, "Monroe is here, and no one of the family knows it but your husband. We have been obliged to keep it secret, lest the Ghennefavers, who are violently opposed to him, should succeed in preventing an interview."

"Poor man!" said Juliana, "here he has been waiting several hours for Magdellena to come; and from her long delay, he fears that, in some mysterious manner, the Ghennefavers have learned that he is here."

"Then you have sent for her?"

"No; Monroe met her at the Bishop's

this morning. She did not expect to see him so soon, and was greatly surprised."

"But do you know any thing of Monroe? Perhaps their opposition is well founded," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fulton; "I am well acquainted with him, and I think he is worthy of her."

"I'll tell you," said Juliana, "just how he appeared at first. He looks like a wild young buck, who is very amiable and frank; but after you get acquainted with him, you discover, under the bubbles and foam which, from his unusual flow of spirits, appear at the surface, a stratum of good sense, intelligence and affection, which would win its way to the heart of any lady."

"You might have added," said Mrs. Fulton, "if parentage and wealth would weigh any thing in her mind, that he is from one of the first families in New York; his father a gentleman of literary distinction, and independent in his circumstances."

"Let the young man stand upon his

own merits," said Juliana. "He is refined in his manners, can correspond in two foreign languages, and converse in several more; and what is better than all the rest, when marrying is the question, conducts himself with propriety."

"Yes, that he does," said Mrs. Fulton. "He has been in our family, more or less, ever since the Ghennefavers came to Boston, and I have seen nothing reprehensible. But what will have more influence with you, is the fact that Montagno gives him a high character."

"I am very glad to learn that her prospects of happiness are so fair," said Mrs. Thornton; "but there she comes; so Monroe's suspense will be ended."

Magdellena made herself quite merry, relating the vexations which caused her delay; and after an interview with Monroe, it was soon settled, that they should be married as soon as the law would allow.

That afternoon Monroe saw their names entered in the city clerk's office, and felt that triumph was almost certain.

The next Sabbath they were published, to the great surprise of the Ghennefavers, who were still ignorant of Monroe's being in Boston.

"So you are quite independent, walking the streets, as though you were afraid of no one!" said a friend to Monroe, as they met in the street on Sunday afternoon.

"Oh yes; I feel a little more free than I did, a few days ago, when I was shut up in my room, at Mr. Fulton's, afraid to put my head out of the prison, lest I should be discovered."

"But I should think you would be afraid to risk waiting the slow process of getting married, through which you have to pass, in this State, lest the Ghennefavers should leave Boston, as they did Mr. Fulton's, and take Magdellena with them. If I had been in your place, I would have fled to New York with my prize, quicker than a vessel in Ipswich Bay would scud into Annisquam in a north-easter."

"I have arranged that matter so that I think there is no danger."

On Monday, after having seen Magdel-

lena removed from the influence of the Ghennefavers, to the house of a mutual friend, where he felt he could safely leave her, Monroe returned to New York, to procure the wedding garments for his intended bride.

The same evening, as the Ghennefaver family were sitting, conversing upon their future prospects, and the alienation of feeling which now existed between them and their former companion, who had sought a home elsewhere, Miriam, who was seated by the window, was startled by a carriage stopping; and their suspense was soon ended by the waiter's handing them a note, requesting their attendance the next evening, at a party at Mr. Carter's, in Tremont street—a gentleman of wealth, who, with his family, had been a particular friend to the Ghennefavers, especially to Magdellena.

A speedy answer was returned, accepting the invitation for themselves, but stating that as Magdellena was indisposed, it was not probable she would be able to attend.

It is true, Magdellena had suffered considerable inconvenience from a cold, for several days, but she knew nothing of the invitation—they having answered the note without consulting her.

But Mr. Carter's family did not relish the disappointment, and returned an answer, that if Magdellena could not come, they preferred to receive them at some future time.

As soon as the reply was received, they hastened to Fenno's, and persuaded her to accept the invitation.

At half past seven, the next evening, the Ghennefavers were ushered into Mr. Carter's parlor, where were assembled many representatives of the wealth, beauty and fashion of the city, who welcomed our Tyrolese with unfeigned joy.

Magdellena saw Miriam frequently, during the evening, in close conversation with one of the Misses Carter, but having nothing to fear, she did not give herself any uneasiness about it. And especially, as it was the week after her publishment, she

thought it would be very natural for them to make some inquiries.

But the next morning she thought she understood the import of the evening's conversation; for while she was playing with the infant, which belonged to her friend, expecting nothing unpleasant, the same carriage appeared, that had attracted Miriam's attention a few evenings before. Mrs. Carter alighted, and requested an interview with Magdellena, who hastened to meet her with her usual joy.

Mrs. Carter had come to expostulate with Magdellena upon the folly of throwing herself away, in marrying, as she was about to do; and informed her that several of the first ladies in the city were coming to remonstrate with her, provided she could have no influence.

Magdellena was overwhelmed with sorrow. She felt that she was absent from her parents, and if these friends deserted her, she could look to no one but the Fultons, to support her in the choice she had made; and her affections were only the more warmly engaged in favor of Monroe,

as she found other friends inclined to forsake her.

But she wisely concluded that her recommendation of Monroe would be useless, as she would be regarded as an interested witness, and forbore to make any defence.

At this juncture Fenno entered; and learning the object of Mrs. Carter's visit, gave her some information, which was so entirely satisfactory, that she assured Magdellena of her concurrence, and promised she should be troubled by no more remonstrances upon that subject.

Monroe too well understood his cunning opponents, to leave Magdellena long; and in a day or two, returned to Mr. Fulton's, with all the paraphernalia of a wedding wardrobe, which he might be supposed to understand.

Though Monroe felt so much relieved, when all obstacles to the proposed union seemed to be vanishing, he was soon harassed by another vexation.

The report was no sooner circulated, that the pretty Magdellena was going to be married, than with it were circulated,

from some unknown sources, a variety of stories prejudicial to the character of the happy young man, who, after so much trouble, was fast securing her for his own.

"Do tell me, Mrs. Fulton, about the romantic occurrence that has taken place in your family?" was the inquiry of more than one who made her a morning call, soon after the publishment. "I never felt more interested in my life for any young man, than I did for Solon Ghennefaver, when I found he had entered into such heavy bonds for Magdellena's safe return to her father. And then to think she should throw herself away, so foolishly, when he did every thing in his power to prevent it."

"I think it would be quite as well for you to reserve a little of your sympathy for the other party," was the reply. "As to that story about the bonds, we have heard of it repeatedly, of late, and so has Magdellena, to whom it was entirely new, until she heard it reported by those who knew nothing of the facts. Yesterday

Solon was passing by, and Magdellena called him in. She then asked him when he entered into that contract with her father? He replied, that he never made such an agreement, nor circulated a story to that effect."

"That's very strange," said one of the throng. "I have heard that several persons of high standing have said he told them so."

"What sort of a rascal is this Monroe?" said a gentleman one night to the editor of one of our evening papers, as they stood at the door of the Odeon, in the throng who were pressing into one of the exquisite concerts of the Academy of Music.

The editor saw Monroe at his side, and was aware that he must have heard the remark. His embarrassment was not diminished by the smile of humor with which he perceived Monroe regarding his companion.

"Why don't you answer me?" pursued the gentleman. "They say he is poor and illiterate, and wholly unworthy of such a prize."

The worthy editor could endure the scene no longer.

"Whether he is worthy of her or not," said he, "she is the proper judge. But as to his property and intelligence, you had best learn by turning round, and allowing me to introduce you to his acquaintance!"

The perfect courtesy with which Monroe assured the gentleman, that he was happy to become acquainted with him, convinced Mr. —— that the outward man, at least, indicated no want of acquaintance with the higher forms of social life.

It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. ——, in the agitation of his feelings, soon found the music "execrable," and the concert room "so hot and crowded," that his health required him to retire!

Monroe was not ignorant of the many rumors in circulation concerning the event, but was too much occupied with visions of future happiness, to regard them in any other light, than as sources of amusement.

"I think I shall set myself up for a show," said he one day, at dinner. "I can't walk the streets without every one

pointing me out, and whispering, 'There, that's the young man who is going to marry one of the Ghennefavers.' "

"You find getting married rather more serious business than you supposed, do n't you?" said a jocose friend, who sat beside him. "I am inclined to think I shall not try it."

"Serious business!" rejoined Monroe.

"That's the price he must expect to pay for marrying a public idol," replied a third.

Preparations for a wedding shortened the tedious days before the consummation of their union, and dissipated the impression that might otherwise have been produced by the ill-natured gossip which was constantly in circulation.

Magdellena likewise had friends, who, knowing the truth was far different from the false representations of flying report, set in motion a counter current, which, though slow in its progress, bid fair, if nothing more, to restore the equilibrium of public sentiment.

Going out several mornings after the in-

tention of marriage had been duly proclaimed, Monroe met Levi Ghennefaver, who entreated him, most imploringly, not to make such a cruel invasion of their ranks, reminding him of the pecuniary damage which would result to them.

"I had no thought of getting married so soon," replied Monroe, "had you not interfered so fiercely, and thus driven me to such a measure in self-defence."

After much more conversation to the same purpose, Monroe gave his consent to Magdellena's singing with them one month after she was married. Levi appeared greatly pleased at this permission. Magdellena was very willing to comply with the request, as all she might receive in this way, was devoted to the relief of her father, as her previous acquisitions had been.

"So they are not going to allow Magdellena to sing with them, at the next concert," said a friend to Monroe, the morning after the concert. "They have obtained another in her place."

"So I supposed, for they sent to borrow

her hat; but since they wished me to promise that she might sing a month, I will stay that time, and not be censured by the community, although I am sorry I was ever so foolish as to think of her singing again."

"Here is a newspaper," said Mr. Fulton, on his return, producing a Hartford literary journal, "which gives notice, that the place of Miss Magdellena, who is going to be married, will be supplied by a younger brother, who has never before made his appearance in public."

"My brother!" said Magdellena, starting, for she was present when this announcement was made. "I heard that Master Hector was an Irishman. I don't like to call every one brother."

Monroe now produced the letter which was sent to his father, and of which we have given our readers a copy.

"This was evidently not written by the Ghennefavers," said Mr. Fulton.

"The postscript, however, was written by one of them," said Monroe. "But I should like much to know whose handwriting the other is."

"Are you sure Murdock did not do it?" asked Juliana.

"Yes," replied a third; "I know Murdock's hand as well as my own, and he never touched a pen to that."

"Let it be the production of whom it will," said Juliana, "it does not reflect much credit upon its author. Periods and capitals are strangely placed, or rather, are not placed at all; and the style is awkward."

"If Murdock did not write that, who do you suppose did?" rejoined Mr. Fulton.

"I suppose some of her other lovers," said Monroe, smiling.

"How did you feel when that letter was brought to your father?" said Juliana.

"Rather queerly, I confess; but after all, it was a relief."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEDDING.

"The pure, the open, prosperous love,
That, pledged on earth, and sealed above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress;
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness."

MOORE.

THE anticipated period at length arrived. And as Magdellena arose upon this memorable morning, she almost involuntarily walked to the window, to see if the weather was propitious. It was a sober, matter-of-fact sort of Sabbath, amid the chill winds of February, but cheered by the rays of an unclouded sun, which bid fair to dispel every remaining vestige of winter. But the melting snow and flowing streets formed a striking contrast with the upward view, which was so delightful.

Turning away from the scene without to the stillness of her own apartment, she now engaged in those devotions, which usually precede the fast before marriage. It was to her no heartless service. She had been taught rigidly to observe the forms and rites peculiar to the Catholic Church, from her earliest infancy. For her parents were firm believers in that creed, and so, indeed, were almost all her countrymen, if we might judge from external appearances, in the Tyrol. For in many a delightful spot, visible from the highways, or as the Scripture expresses it, "under every green tree, and upon every high hill," was erected a crucifix, upon which is extended an image of our Saviour in his passion, for the accommodation of the devotional traveller.

Magdellena, as we have before said, was a sincere worshipper; and as she now prepared herself to appear at church, to receive the communion, she reflected with no little complacency, that though she was going to be married without the knowledge or consent of her parents, yet she had faithfully adhered to the religion they had embraced,

and felt that for this she should secure their approbation.

As Monroe returned that morning from church, whither he had attended Magdellena, he was met in the hall by Juliana, who inquired at what hour that evening he was to be married.

"About five o'clock."

"Do you think it will be possible to secure seats for your friends near the altar, that we may obtain a full view of the fair bride? I fear there will be such a press, that we shall find it a matter of some difficulty."

"I don't think there will be a crowd. Other people do not feel as much interested in it, as you do here."

"Do n't you believe that."

"I understand," rejoined Monroe, "that Solon told the priest, that he would be present, and object to the marriage; but I do n't think he intends to do any such thing."

"I hope he will," said Juliana; "I should like to have a scene there at church."

"I think there will be a scene there, at any rate," observed Monroe, archly.

But though Juliana had expressed a wish to have some romantic occurrence, at the place of the consummation of their wishes, yet she was hardly prepared for the scene which actually occurred.

Monroe now withdrew, after requesting Juliana's assistance for Magdellena at the bridal toilet.

For a more minute description of this interesting marriage, we will introduce a letter from an inmate of Mr. Fulton's family, to Bancroft, who was at this time at Baltimore:

"BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 18—.

DEAR JAMES:—Monroe and Magdellena are married. As I promised to let you know the conclusion of the whole matter, prepare to sit quietly one half hour, while I furnish you with a long letter, in relation to this romantic occurrence. They did not get married like other people, but seemed to have a sort of *sui generis* manner of proceeding, from beginning to end.

Perhaps you have been informed, that after they were published, it was thought best for Magdellena to remove her residence, as for ob-

vious reasons, it would not be pleasant, now, for her to remain with her pretended brothers and sister. Accordingly, she took up her residence in the house of a mutual friend; for if you will believe me, the prudish little creature would not go near Mr. Fulton's, where Monroe boarded, till after she was married, unless she was particularly sent for, which was once or twice done.

Well, but this is not telling how they got married; and as I suppose you wish to know for your personal benefit, I will proceed with my narrative, saying first, by way of caution to old bachelors, that I never saw Monroe look more serious and dignified in his life, than he did all the day preceding the ceremony.

You know, perhaps, that he was required to fast in the morning; and one would suppose, after that, he would have been quite ravenous at the next meal. But not so. Ponder it seriously, James, he had no appetite for his dinner, and looked, for all the world, like one who felt in some degree, the solemnity of the occasion!

We tried to rally him, upon his considerate way of meeting the affair; and in this we succeeded very well.

I think, however, to be honest, that he never

appeared better in his life. If a sober face set as well upon me as it did upon him, I should make a virtue of necessity, and wear one all the time!

"But to the ceremony," I think I hear you say, rather impatiently. But no, stop, I have not got half so far yet. There 's the fixing—I have not said a word about it. Juliana Roubigne went to Fenno's, where she boarded, and helped her to rig, before setting sail upon the sea of matrimony. There, I 'll try not to moralize nor figure any more; but this is such a moving subject, one knows not which way his pen is going; but if you will excuse all involuntary flourishes, I will endeavor to proceed as minutely as I may be supposed to be acquainted with the preparations.

Juliana shall describe it herself; or rather, I will give you a faint idea of her description.

It was about half past three, when she reached Fenno's. She did not stop to ring, but walked hastily up stairs, where she found Monroe and Magdellena sitting. It was the east room; you remember it well, no doubt, and the pleasant prospect from the windows, if any one was disposed to look without for amusement, at this interesting time.

"So you 've got here at last," said Monroe, as she entered. "Just look at Magdellena, and see how she trembles. Do you think you shall ever dare say 'yes,' if Truesdell returns?"

"I shall wait till he comes, before I decide a point so important."

Magdellena laughed, and inquired if Juliana thought there would be many present.

"Oh yes; the church will be full of spectators!"

"I am afraid I cannot say a word when I get there," said Magdellena.

"The worst of it is," said Monroe, "I am afraid she 'll make me laugh."

Monroe now left them to arrange the externals to their satisfaction, while he went to attend to some other matters.

The day before her marriage, Magdellena received many elegant presents from her numerous friends, who were anxious to express their congratulations in a tangible form; and Juliana found it no easy task to select from the many costly ornaments, which were bestowed as tokens of affection, those that she preferred above the rest, with which to adorn the happy bride.

A Wedding Toilet! Is there not something poetic in the very mention of it? Just let your imagination play a little with the image before it. There sits a beautiful maiden in front of the mirror, which dares not reflect an ugly face on this eventful occasion; and

> "Views by degrees a purer blush arise,
> And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes;
> The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
> These set the head, and those divide the hair."

"What! not ready yet?" said Monroe, who knocked at the door, just as Juliana was placing the last rose in her hair.

"Come in," said Magdellena; and if Monroe had never before admired her, he could not now suppress feelings of admiration, as he gazed at her, in her bridal robes, of such simple elegance, and bearing unostentatiously a bouquet of natural flowers in the hand, which he expected would soon become his own.

We will now leave them awhile, and look in at Mr. Fulton's, where, as you may suppose, much interest was felt.

As soon as the churches were out, Mr. Fulton's parlor was crowded with people, who, supposing he knew at what time they would be

married, had come to make inquiries: and at the appointed hour, we proceeded, almost in a solid phalanx, to the chnrch, which was fast receiving the eager multitudes.

But where we should sit, was the next question. Mr. Fulton pushed his way through the crowd, and sat down, with apparent triumph, in one of the best seats in the gallery, where he could see the rest of us struggling and scolding, in order to maintain our standing amidst the crowd, which every moment grew denser, even after it seemed as thongh it was impossible for another to enter.

At last the doors were closed; and as the people were wedged close to the railing of the altar, so that one step or two backward would almost be fatal to those behind, it was a matter of some speculation, how the bride and bridegroom would enter.

"Why can't they come in at the same door that the priest does?" said Juliana, who was standing very near the altar, but notwithstanding her approximation to the hallowed spot, could not have seen much, had the happy couple been there, on account of the half dozen that stood before her.

"The reason is very obvious," replied one

who was standing by; "there is no communication from the chapel, except through the Bishop's house."

But while some were fretting, others pushing, and short folks mourning the deficiency of their stature, the priest, in his white robes, made his appearance at the altar, and informed the assembly, that they would be married the next day at five o'clock. What a provoking announcement!

"Do n't you believe a word of it," said Juliana to the lady who stood beside her; "I have just been to assist in putting on the wedding dress, and he can't deceive me, in that style."

One of the crowd pointed to the priest and exclaimed—"Did you notice, that when he made this announcement, he immediately knelt and crossed himself? That was a sign of confession; so I know that they will be married, as soon as part of the crowd have dispersed."

A slight murmur now ran through the crowd; and though they were all uncomfortable, they did not seem inclined to move in the least.

Just then, I caught Mr. Fulton's eye. He was looking down upon us, as we were venting our wrath at the prospect of a disappointment, with such a sarcastic smile, that I could have

given him a shaking, if it was only for the pleasure of seeing him take things so much like a philosopher.

A general rush was now made, and it seemed as if we little folks would have been crushed, while the hope that they now had come, was the only thing that sustained us. But no, it was only some friends who had come first, in the same carriage in which Monroe soon was to make his appearance.

Another half hour elapsed, which was whiled away as the previous one had been, with crowding, jostling, scolding at the intruders, looking at the Christmas trimmings of the church, and speculating on the probable cause of the priest's making his singular statement.

Some one at length suggested that they might be married in the chapel.

"Oh," said Juliana, "if they are, I can never forget it, I shall feel so disappointed."

I'll now leave the restless multitude in the church, and see what has become of the bride and bridegroom. Precisely at half past five, the carriage that contained Monroe and Magdellena approached the church. Before Monroe had time to alight, the priest presented himself at the door, and informed him that he could

not be married that night, or at least, not then, for there was a complete riot in the church. Monroe insisted on the ceremony being performed *then;* and leaving Magdellena to the care of a friend, to conduct her to the chapel—for an entrance to the church was impossible—he hastened to the Bishop's house, to confer with him respecting the matter.

Those who had been so unfortunate as to be excluded from the church for want of room, now pressed to the chapel, which exhibited almost as animated a scene as the church.

Monroe having settled every thing to his mind, with the Bishop, entered the chapel, where he found Magdellena kneeling at the altar, while the friends and others were looking among the crowd for himself.

"This is the strangest scene I ever witnessed," said one of the by-standers. "I never before heard of a bridegroom gallanting his lady to church, and deserting her at the altar."

Monroe now pushed forward and presented himself before the disconcerted group. The priest, for some reason best known to himself, shortened the services as much as possible, and soon pronounced them husband and wife. The happy pair then drove away, while those who

were in the church, were ignorant of their having been there. The priest soon made his entry into the church, and informed the multitude that they were married.

"I do n't believe a word of it," cries one.

"He lies," says a second.

"Great fool," responded a third; "does he think he can make us believe contradictions, uttered within so short a time? He must have lied, either first or last."

The audience showed their want of faith in his words, by their works, for they remained as motionless as they had done before. The sexton added his testimony.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "upon my word and honor, they are married."

"*Who* is married?" cried one of the unbelieving.

"Miss Ghennefaver. I do assure you, they have been married, and have left the church."

But his word was disregarded, and the priest re-appeared to request the audience to disperse, for they really were married, and the sexton wished to close the house.

But entreaty, for some time, was almost unavailing; and though many moved out of the house, yet the numbers who remained, perhaps

to be sure they were not hoaxed, perhaps, to provoke the priest, were so great that you would hardly have missed those who retired.

If I had had any inclination to have gone out when he entreated us to do so, which, however, I had not, it would have been impossible, till after some others had made their exit. It was one of the most dangerous crowds in which I ever ventured. I was actually afraid, from the confined air, the tight pressure, and the length of time which we remained in the church, that some *short* people might lose their lives. Had any one in the body pews fainted, I do n't know how they could have been conveyed to the fresh air, without disastrous consequences to the rest, the rush would have been so great.

While waiting for those who were behind us to depart, we were engaged in examining the church, and speculating on the singular transaction.

"There," said a lady, as the crowd dispersed, "you see that if the bride and bridegroom had entered the same way that the priest does, they could not have gone round the outside of the altar; and I suppose it is not lawful for any but the priest or apostles to come inside the railing."

Murdock now showed himself, though it had been reported he had said he would not see her married. The young man, I reckon, hardly dreamed of the reason why he should not witness the ceremony. I must confess I was not a little amazed at the fulfilment of his prediction.

After gazing as long as we chose at the numerous paraphernalia of a catholic church, we returned to Mr. Fulton's, and vented our indignation. Now, James, what do you think of getting married? Could you endure such a scene, for the sake of being tied up to a pretty woman, and resigning your liberties for life?

But seeing I have written such a long letter, I leave reflections, moralizing, and the like, to yourself; and so, wishing you a more prosperous courtship and a quiet marriage, I remain your affectionate friend,

**** ****

P. S. I forgot to add, that after they were married, and were riding from the church, the boys in the street climbed upon the carriage, to get a sight at the bridal dress of Mrs. Monroe!—I ought to add, also, that the priest was not to blame for the apparent contradiction in his announcement: he supposed the marriage must be deferred, in consequence of the crowd."

This letter contains a true statement of the singular proceedings of that eventful day. It is difficult to detail every thing minutely, but the reader can obtain from it, we think, a correct idea of the transactions. One thing is certain, the picture is not in the least overdrawn.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

"Where danger ends, the hero ceases: when he has won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of the story is not worth relating." STEELE.

MR. and Mrs. Monroe, after her marriage, faithfully performed their part of the agreement, previously mentioned, and consequently remained at Mr. Fulton's the stipulated time, receiving wedding calls from many of the first families in the city.

After the month had expired, she was warmly urged by her friends, who did not like to part with our sweet songstress, to give one farewell concert herself. She at length yielded to their solicitation; and as the night on which she was to make her last appearance in public was unusually inclement, she repeated it, to the great gratification of her admirers.

"Can it be possible that the month has expired so soon," said Juliana to Magdellena, as she reminded her that the next day she should bid her adieu. "If it makes the months pass so swiftly to get married, I think I never shall follow your example."

"I think you will try it, the first good opportunity," said Magdellena. "You are too fond of making experiments, to take my word for it!"

The next morning, as Magdellena arose much earlier than usual, to complete preparations for her departure, that she might have more leisure in which to see her friends, she was surprised to find every object without whitened with snow, and the wind driving the fleecy storm against her windows with considerable violence.

"I can truly say," said Juliana, as she met Magdellena coming down to breakfast, "that I never greeted a storm with a heartier welcome in my life, than I do this morning."

"You must remember that the storm has an end," said Monroe.

"That's too true, this time," said Juliana.

"But we can improve this day," said Mr. Fulton; "and as it is stormy, we may calculate upon your being at home most of the time."

"Oh yes," rejoined Juliana; "how the blessings of a stormy day increase. Strange I never thought of its peculiar advantages before."

"Perhaps you have overlooked some of them now," said Mr. Fulton, who liked now and then to expend a little of his satire upon Juliana. "When you are intending to make an excursion to Horn Pond, and expect to be accompanied by a gentleman for whom you have a peculiar regard, and the day which is appointed for the purpose, is so unpleasant, as entirely to forbid the jaunt of pleasure, there is a real advantage; for it teaches you patience and self-denial, more effectually than all the morals contained in the novels of a half year's perusal."

"Oh, spare her, I entreat you," said Monroe, who saw the crimson blush over-

spreading her features. "The recollection of the *unmentioned*, to whom you alluded, is too painful."

"You need not think to vex me, by pretending that I care for *your* satire," said Juliana, who had no intention of allowing them to allude to facts, without returning their politeness with interest.

After breakfast, which was rendered quite lively by the good nature and smiling faces that were visible on all sides, notwithstanding the gloomy appearance without, they adjourned to the parlor, where they were quietly enjoying themselves with the glorious prospect of rainy day comforts, when Juliana burst out as usual, in her abrupt manner, with an exclamation of surprise, vexation and sorrow, which attracted all the group to the window where she was sitting, to ascertain the cause.

"There," continued she, "when we have been so nicely planning our pleasures for to-day, what should interfere but Mr. Carter's carriage, with a summons for Magdellena to spend the day, I'll be bound to say."

It was even so; and thus their joyful scheme proved more evanescent than the storm which had occasioned it.

Mrs. Carter, it seems, had learned to appreciate unpleasant days; and by sending early, secured Magdellena's company, to add to the attractions of her own fireside. She had been almost a mother to Magdellena, mingling her good advice and sympathy on every occasion when she felt the need of maternal counsels and tenderness.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter also took pains to satisfy themselves that Monroe was every way worthy of her; for though we have neglected to mention it before, Mr. Carter received a letter from Montagno himself, commending Monroe highly; and he endeavored, in the extensive circle in which he moved, to counteract all false impressions respecting him.

It was late in the evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Monroe returned to Mr. Fulton's, where they found the family circle prepared to greet them. The time passed rapidly away, without their cognisance, until the

faithful clock aroused them to the fact, that morning would soon intrude upon them, if they did not speedily disperse.

Constant calls from those who wished to see her once more before her departure, occupied Mrs. Monroe almost entirely till the hour of her leaving arrived, and she prepared to bid adieu to her New England friends, with real regret, though she was not sorry to follow her husband to the home he had provided for her.

There is a charm in the name of HOME, to which every bosom responds with fervor. But where will you find the idea wreathed with more delightful anticipations, than in the heart of a young bride, who has forsaken father and mother, to bless the fireside of another? We would not mar the blissful prospects that are welcoming the youthful pair to their new home. Let them enter it with joyful expectations; and may the happy wife be enabled ever to throw charms around her sparkling hearth, which shall be as irresistible as the spell which bound her lover to her society, before marriage.

After Mr. and Mrs. Monroe had uttered the last words of remembrance and affection, they turned away from the house and friends, with whom such peculiar and joyful associations were connected, and seated themselves in the cars which were to convey them to the steamer, with varied and mingled emotions.

Memory brought before Monroe's mind, in rapid succession, a thousand views of by-gone scenes, which had been engraven upon the tablets of his heart in an indelible manner. His hopes, his fears, as they had affected him, when he had before traversed that route, rose before him, and he could sit and smile at the obstacles, which now, that the battle was fought, seemed so easily obviated.

But what should we think of a blessing, which it cost us no labor to obtain? Though labor is part of the curse, yet here we see the curse proves a blessing, for it enhances the value of our possessions, and lightens every burden that is laid upon us.

Monroe was now like a triumphant general, who, after a victory, was bearing home

a trophy of his valor. No wonder, then, that he was absorbed in meditation. And the hope that his father would approve his choice, so engaged him, that he was somewhat startled when Magdellena touched him gently, and inquired the cause of his silence.

Monroe smiled kindly, and for the remainder of their ride, sought to make himself agreeable to the being he had so lately promised to cherish and love. It was no disagreeable or difficult task. The places through which they glided, with the speed of the wind, had each an association for her too; and together they welcomed each old acquaintance, in the shape of different landmarks, with mutual joy. As night began to obscure the prospect, they were gladdened by the announcement that they were soon to embark on board one of the floating palaces, which awaited the arrival of its numerous passengers.

The hurry of getting on board, the din of the departing steamer, and rush to secure every one his own baggage, was at last over, and the steamer was seen gracefully

ploughing the main. The stars looked down kindly, to greet the crowds that thronged the deck, to obtain a view of night in her lovelier moods.

As Monroe and Magdellena were leaning over the railing on the lower deck, watching the green waves, as they chased one another against the side of the steamer, and reflecting the light with a beauty peculiar to themselves, Magdellena suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Do you remember," said she, "when we were sailing upon Lake Champlain, on a night very similar to this, while Solon was so kindly informing you of my history, how terribly he was frightened by the cry, 'The steamer 's on fire?' "

"Can it be possible," said a gentleman who overheard the remark, that I have again the pleasure of meeting some fellow travellers, with whom I was then in company?"

Magdellena and Monroe turned hastily around, and now recognized, to their mutual satisfaction and surprise, a gentleman who, in his arduous labors to extinguish

the fire, would have injured himself beyond recovery, by the falling of some heavy luggage which he had just removed to prevent its consumption by the flames, had it not been for Monroe's kindly interference.

The gentleman was duly sensible of the obligations under which he was laid by this kindness, and had never forgotten to regard with interest a young man who, at the time of such dreadful excitement, had sufficient presence of mind and disinterestedness, to think of saving a stranger's life as well as his own.

This accidental meeting was the source of much gratification, as it recalled many transactions which to them possessed much interest; and together they conversed with their friend, till the lateness of the hour bid them retire.

Magdellena did not awake the next morning till the boat had entered the harbor; and with the busy throng, she began to prepare herself to go on shore.

But how did Monroe's friends receive her? and how is she situated now? I hear my patient readers inquire.

I can best satisfy your curiosity by transporting you at once to her residence, which presents no unenviable appearance, in one of the most fashionable streets of that city whose merchants are princes, and whose fame is extended far and wide.

On entering this splendid mansion, you find, in a parlor which corresponds with the house, in its richness and taste, seated our heroine, the greatest ornament of the place. At her right hand is her guitar, which she has just laid down, to receive a compliment from her husband, who still has an ear for her melodies, at this late period of the honey-moon, and cannot forbear to lay aside a book which had deeply interested him, to listen and applaud. The ample mirror reflects this scene of connubial happiness; and if it could speak, no doubt its reflections would appear in the shape of morals, for the benefit of discontented pairs! A piano, in another part of the room, informs us, that unlike many of our fashionable belles, she has commenced this delightful employment for the gratification and amusement of a *husband*, in-

stead of a lover. Beside her, sometimes, you may see an elderly gentleman, of noble figure and commanding air, whose eye bespeaks uncommon intelligence, and whose conversation betrays his research in the mines of literature and science, listening with rapture to his new daughter's melodious voice, as she chants the airs peculiar to her country, or with animation describes the national dance, the wild mountain scenes, and all the endearments of home, which an inhabitant of the Tyrol can boast. He finds no occasion to lament the day when his son united his fate with this artless child of the Alps.

Monroe frequently laughs heartily over the warm bath he took, by way of perspiration, when called to his father's study, after the reception of the singular letter to which we have more than once alluded; and the wedding scene, and the disappointment of Mr. Fulton's family in not witnessing the ceremony, are the occasions of many a hearty laugh and pleasant reminiscence.

The remaining minstrels still continue

their harmonious employment; and if any person supposes we have spoken too highly of their vocal performances, they can easily be convinced that they have not received an undue share of commendation, by taking advantage of the opportunities hereafter given, to listen for themselves to these sweet warblers.

Murdock, we have been informed, sailed a short time since for the West Indies, in the train of one of the fair daughters of Cuba, to whom, we are told, he is soon to be allied.

We will not continue the history of the remaining characters, which, perhaps, have amused our readers, inasmuch as they were connected with those who have figured more conspicuously in our narrative, lest we should unintentionally break up some happy matches.

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